

1489. r 24.

C A T O.

A

T R A G E D Y.

By Mr. A D D I S O N.

Ecce Spectaculum dignum, ad quod respiciat, intentus
operi suo, Deus! Ecce par Deo dignum, vir fortis
cum malâ fortunâ compositus! Non video, inquam,
quid habeat in terris Jupiter pulchrius, si convertere
animum velit, quàm ut spectet Catonem, jam par-
tibus non semel fractis, nihilominus inter ruinas
publicas erectum.

Sen. de Divin. Prov.



L O N D O N:

Printed for J. and R. T O N S O N in the Strand.

MDCCCLXII.



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V E R S E S

To the AUTHOR of the
T R A G E D Y of C A T O.

W H I L E you the fierce divided *Britons* awe,
And *Cato*, with an equal Virtue, draw,
While *Envy* is itself in *Wonder* lost,
And *Factions* strive who shall applaud you most ;
Forgive the fond Ambition of a Friend,
Who hopes himself, not you, to recommend ;
And joins th' Applause which all the Learn'd bestow
On one, to whom a perfect Work they owe.
To my * light Scenes I once inscrib'd Your Name,
And impotently strove to borrow Fame :
Soon will that die, which adds thy Name to mine ;
Let me, then, live, join'd to a Work of thine.

* Tender Husband, De-
dicated to Mr. Addison.

RICHARD STEELE.



T H O' *Cato* shines in *Virgil's* Epic Song,
Prescribing Laws among th' *Elysian* Throng ;
Tho' *Lucan's* Verse, exalted by his Name,
O'er Gods themselves has rais'd the Hero's Fame ;
The *Roman* Stage did ne'er his Image see,
Drawn at full Length ; a Task reserv'd for Thee.
By thee we view the finish'd Figure rise,
And awful march before our ravish'd Eyes ;
We hear his Voice, asserting Virtue's Cause,
His Fate renew'd our deep Attention draws ;
Excites by turns our various Hopes and Fears,
And all the Patriot in thy Scene appears.

A 2

On

On *Tiber's* Banks thy Thought was first inspir'd ;
 'Twas there, to some indulgent Grove retir'd,
Rome's ancient Fortunes rolling in thy Mind,
 Thy happy Muse this manly Work design'd :
 Or in a Dream thou saw'st *Rome's* Genius stand,
 And, leading *Cato* in his sacred Hand,
 Point out th' immortal Subject of thy Lays,
 And ask this Labour, to record his Praise.
 'Tis done—the Hero lives, and charms our Age !
 While nobler Morals grace the *British* Stage.
 Great *Shakespear's* Ghost, the solemn Strain to hear,
 (Methinks I see the laurell'd Shade appear !)
 Will hover o'er the Scene, and wond'ring view,
 His Fav'rite *Brutus* rivall'd thus by You.
 Such *Roman* Greatness in each Action shines,
 Such *Roman* Eloquence adorns your Lines,
 That sure the *Sibyls* Book this Year foretold,
 And in some mystick Leaf was seen inroll'd ;
 “ *Rome*, turn thy mournful Eyes from *Africk's* Shore,
 “ Nor in her Sands thy *Cato's* Tomb explore !
 “ When thrice Six hundred times the circling Sun,
 “ His annual Race shall thro' the *Zodiack* run,
 “ An Isle remote his Monument shall rear,
 “ And ev'ry gen'rous *Briton* pay a Tear.

J. HUGHES.



WHAT do we see ! Is *Cato* then become
 A greater Name in *Britain* than in *Rome* ?
 Does Mankind now admire his Virtues more,
 Tho' *Lucan*, *Horace*, *Virgil* wrote before ?
 How will Posterity this Truth explain ?
 “ *Cato* begins to live in *Anna's* Reign : ”
 The World's great Chiefs in Council, or in Arms,
 Rise in your Lines with more exalted Charms ;
 Illustrious Deeds in distant Nations wrought,
 And Virtues by departed Heroes taught ;
 Raise in your Soul a pure immortal Flame,
 Adorn your Life, and consecrate your Fame :

To

To your Renown all Ages you subdue,
And *Cæsar* fought, and *Cato* bled for you.

All Souls College,
Oxon.

EDWARD YOUNG.



'TIS nobly done thus to enrich the Stage,
And raise the Thoughts of a degen'rate Age,
To shew how endless Joys from Freedom spring;
How Life in Bondage is a worthless Thing.
The inborn Greatness of your Soul we view,
You tread the Paths frequented by the Few;
With so much Strength you write, and so much Ease,
Virtue, and Sense! how durst you hope to please?
Yet Clouds the Sentiments of ev'ry Line,
Impartial clapp'd, and own'd the Work divine.
Ev'n the four Criticks, who malicious came,
Eager to censure, and resolv'd to blame,
Finding the Hero regularly rise,
Great while he lives, but greater when he dies,
Sullen approv'd, too obstinate to melt,
And sicken'd with the Pleasures which they felt.
Not so the Fair their Passions secret kept,
Silent they heard, but as they heard, they wept,
When gloriously the blooming *MARCUS* dy'd,
And *CATO* told the Gods, *I'm satisfy'd*.

See! how your Lays the *British* Youth inflame!
They long to shoot, and ripen into Fame.
Applauding Theatres disturb their Rest,
And unborn *CATO*'s heave in ev'ry Breast.
Their nightly Dreams, their daily Thoughts repeat,
And Pulses high with fancy'd Glories beat.
So, griev'd to view the *Marathonian* Spoils,
The young *THEMISTOCLES* vow'd equal Toils;
Did then his Schemes of future Honours draw
From the long Triumphs which with Tears he saw.

How shall I your unrival'd Worth proclaim,
Lost in the spreading Circle of your Fame!
We saw you the great *WILLIAM*'s Praise rehearse,
And paint *Britannia*'s Joys in *Roman* Verse.

We

We heard at Distance soft enchanting Strains,
 From *blooming Mountains*, and *Italian Plains*.
 VIRGIL began in *English* Dress to shine,
 His Voice, his Looks, his Grandeur still Divine :
 From him too soon unfriendly you withdrew,
 But brought the tuneful OVID to our View.
 Then, the delightful Theme of ev'ry Tongue,
 Th' immortal MARLB'ROUGH was your darling Song.
 From Clime to Clime the mighty Victor flew,
 From Clime to Clime as swiftly you pursue.
 Still with the Hero's glow'd the Poet's Flame,
 Still with his Conquests you enlarg'd your Fame.
 With boundless Raptures here the Muse cou'd swell,
 And on your ROSAMOND for ever dwell ;
 'There op'ning Sweets, and ev'ry fragrant Flower
 Luxuriant smile, a never-fading Bow'r.
 Next human Follies kindly to expose,
 You change from Numbers, but not sink in Prose :
 Whether in visionary Scenes you play,
 Refine our Tastes, or laugh our Crimes away.
 Now, by the buskin'd Muse you shine confess,
 The Patriot kindles in the Poet's Breast.
 Such Energy of Sense might Pleasure raise,
 Tho' unembellish'd with the Charms of Phrase :
 Such Charms of Phrase wou'd with Success be crown'd,
 Tho' Nonsense flow'd in the melodious Sound.
 The chafest Virgin needs no Blushes fear,
 The Learn'd themselves, not uninstructed, hear.
 The Libertine, in Pleasures us'd to roll,
 And idly sport with an immortal Soul,
 Here comes, and by the virtuous Heathen taught,
 Turns pale, and tremble at the dreadful Thought.
 Whene'er you traverse vast *Numidia's* Plains,
 What sluggish *Briton* in his Isle remains ?
 When *Juba* seeks the Tiger with Delight,
 We beat the Thicket, and provoke the Fight.
 By the Description warm'd, we fondly sweat,
 And in the chilling East-Wind pant with Heat.
 What Eyes behold not, how the Stream refines,
 'Till by Degrees the floating Mirrour shines ?

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While Hurricanes in circling Eddies play,
 Tear up the Sands, and sweep whole Plains away,
 We shrink with Horror, and confess our Fear,
 And all the sudden sounding Ruin hear.
 When purple Robes, distain'd with Blood, deceive,
 And make poor MARCIA beautifully grieve.
 When she her secret Thoughts no more conceals,
 Forgets the Woman, and her Flame reveals,
 Well may the Prince exult with noble Pride,
 Not for his *Libyan* Crown, but *Roman* Bride.

But I in vain on single Features dwell,
 While all the Parts of the fair Piece excel.
 So rich the Store, so dubious is the Feast,
 We know not which to pass, or which to taste.
 The shining Incidents so justly fall,
 We may the whole new Scenes of Transport call.
 Thus Jewellers confound our wand'ring Eyes,
 And with Variety of Gems surprise.
 Here *Sapphires*, here the *Sardian* Stone is seen,
 The *Topaz* yellow, and the *Jasper* green.
 The costly *Brilliant* there, confus'dly bright,
 From num'rous Surfaces darts trembling Light.
 The diff'rent Colours mingling in a Blaze,
 Silent we stand, unable where to praise,
 In Pleasure sweetly lost ten thousand Ways.

Trinity College.
 Cambridge.

L. EUSDEN.



TOO long hath Love engross'd *Britannia's* Stage,
 And sunk to Softness all our Tragic Rage :
 By that alone did Empires fall or rise,
 And Fate depended on a Fair One's Eyes :
 The sweet Infection, mixt with dang'rous Art,
 Debas'd our Manhood, while it sooth'd the Heart.
 You scorn to raise a Grief thyself must blame,
 Nor from our Weakness steal a vulgar Fame :
 A Patriot's Fall may justly melt the Mind,
 And Tears flow Nobly, shed for all Mankind.

How

How do our Souls with gen'rous Pleasure glow !
 Our Hearts exulting, while our Eyes o'erflow,
 When thy firm Hero stands beneath the Weight
 Of all his Suff'rings venerably Great ;
Rome's poor Remains still shelt'ring by his Side,
 With conscious Virtue, and becoming Pride.

The aged Oak thus rears his Head in Air,
 His Sap exhausted, and his Branches bare,
 'Midst Storms and Earthquakes, he maintains his State,
 Fixt deep in Earth, and fasten'd by his Weight ;
 His naked Boughs still lend the Shepherds Aid,
 And his old Trunk projects an awful Shade.

Amidst the Joys triumphant Peace bestows,
 Our Patriots sadden at his glorious Woes,
 A while they let the World's great Bus'ness wait,
 Anxious for *Rome*, and Sigh for *CATO's* Fate.
 Here taught how ancient Heroes rose to Fame,
 Our *Britons* croud, and catch the *Roman* Flame ;
 Where States and Senates well might lend an Ear,
 And Kings and Priests without a Blush appear.

France boasts no more, but, fearful to engage,
 Now first pays Homage to her Rival's Stage,
 Hastes to learn thee, and learning shall submit
 Alike to *British* Arms, and *British* Wit :
 No more she'll wonder (forc'd to do us Right)
 Who Think like *Romans*, could like *Romans* Fight.

Thy *Oxford* smiles this glorious Work to see,
 And fondly triumphs in a Son like Thee.
 The Senates, Consuls, and the Gods of *Rome*,
 Like old Acquaintance at their native Home,
 In Thee we find : Each Deed, each Word exprest,
 And ev'ry Thought that swell'd a *Roman* Breast.
 We trace each Hint that could thy Soul inspire
 With *Virgil's* Judgment, and with *Lucan's* Fire ;
 We know thy Worth, and give us leave to boast,
 We most admire, because we know thee most.

Queen's College,
 Oxon.

THO. TICKELL.



S I R,

W H E N your gen'rous Labour first I view'd,
 And *Cato's* Hands in his own Blood imbru'd ;
 That Scene of Death so terrible appears,
 My Soul could only thank you with her Tears.
 Yet with such wond'rous Art your skilful Hand
 Does all the Passions of the Soul command,
 That ev'n my Grief to Praise and Wonder turn'd,
 And envy'd the great Death which first I mourn'd.

What Pen but yours could draw the doubtful Strife,
 Of Honour struggling with the Love of Life?
 Describe the Patriot obstinately good,
 As hov'ring o'er eternity he stood :

The wide, th' unbounded Ocean lay before
 His piercing Sight, and Heaven the distant Shore.
 Secure of endless Bliss, with fearless Eyes,
 He grasps the Dagger, and its Point defies,
 And rushes out of Life to snatch the glorious Prize. }

How would old *Rome* rejoice, to hear you tell
 How just her Patriot liv'd, how great he fell !
 Recount his wond'rous Probity and Truth,
 And form new *Juba's* in the *British* Youth,
 Their gen'rous Souls when he resigns his Breath,
 Are pleas'd with ruin and in Love with Death ;
 And when her conqu'ring Sword *Britannia* draws,
 Resolve to perish or defend her Cause.

Now first on *Albion's* Theatre we see,
 A perfect Image of what Man should be ;
 The glorious Character is now express'd,
 Of Virtue dwelling in a human Breast,
 Drawn at full Length by your immortal Lines,
 In *Cato's* Soul, as in her Heav'n, she shines.

All Souls College,
Oxon.

DIGBY COTES.

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Left with the Printer by an unknown Hand.

NOW we may speak, since *Cato* speaks no more ;
 'Tis praise at length, 'twas Rapture all before ;
 When croud'd Theatres with *Ios* rung
 Sent to the Skies, from whence thy Genius sprung ;
 Ev'n Civil Rage a while in thine was lost ;
 And Factions strove but to applaud thee most ;
 Nor could enjoyment pall our longing Taste ;
 But ev'ry Night was dearer than the last.

As when old *Rome*, in a malignant Hour
 Depriv'd of some returning Conqueror,
 Her Debt of Triumph to the Dead discharg'd,
 For Fame, for Treasure, and her Bounds enlarg'd :
 And while his Godlike Figure mov'd along,
 Alternate Passions fir'd th'adoring Throng ;
 Tears flow'd from ev'ry Eye, and shouts from ev'ry
 Tongue.

So in thy pompous Lines has *Cato* far'd,
 Grac'd with an ample, though a late Reward :
 A greater Victor we in him revere ;
 A nobler Triumph crowns his Image here.

With wonder as with Pleasure we survey
 A Theme so scanty wrought into a Play ;
 So vast a Pile on such Foundations plac'd ;
 Like *Ammon's* Temple rear'd on *Libya's* Waste :
 Behold it's glowing Paint ! it's easy Weight !
 Its nice Proportions and stupendous Height !
 How chaste the Conduct ! how divine the Rage !
 A *Roman* Worthy on a *Grecian* Stage !

But where shall *Cato's* Praise begin or end ;
 Inclind to melt, and yet untaught to bend,
 The firmest Patriot, and the gentlest Friend ?
 How great his Genius, when the Traitor Crowd
 Ready to strike the Blow their Fury vow'd ;

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Quell'd by his Look and listning to his Lore,
 Learn, like his Passions, to rebel no more !
 When, lavish of his boiling Blood, to prove
 The Cure of slavish Life and slighted Love,
 Brave *Marcus* now in early Death appears,
 While *Cato* counts his Wounds, and not his Years ?
 Who checking private Grief, the Public mourns,
 Commands the Pity he so greatly scorns.
 But when he strikes (to crown his generous Part)
 That honest, staunch, impracticable Heart ;
 No Tears, no Sobs pursue his panting Breath ;
 The dying Roman shames the Pomp of Death.

O sacred Freedom, which the Powers bestow
 To season Blessings, and to soften Woe ;
 Plant of our Growth, and Aim of all our Cares,
 The Toil of Ages, and the Crown of Wars :
 If, taught by thee, the Poet's Wit has flow'd,
 In Strains as precious as his Hero's Blood ;
 Preserve those Strains, as everlasting Charm
 To keep that Blood, and thy Remembrance warm :
 Be this thy Guardian Image still secure ;
 In vain shall Force invade, or Fraud allure ;
 Our great *Palladium* shall perform its Part,
 Fix'd and enshrin'd in every *British* Heart.

THE Mind to Virtue is by Verse subdu'd ;
 And the True Poet is a Public Good.
 This *Britain* feels, while, by your Lines inspir'd,
 Her free-born Sons to glorious Thoughts are fir'd,
 In *Rome* had you espous'd the vanquish'd Cause,
 Inflam'd her Senate, and upheld her Laws ;
 Your manly Scenes had Liberty restor'd,
 And giv'n the just Success to *Cato's* Sword :
 O'er *Cæsar's* Arms your Genius had prevail'd ;
 And the Muse triumph'd, when the Patriot fail'd,

AMB. PHILIPS.



PROLOGUE.

By Mr. P O P E.

Spoken by Mr. W I L K S.

TO wake the Soul by Tender Strokes of Art,
 To raise the Genius, and to mend the Heart,
 To make Mankind in conscious Virtue bold,
 Live o'er each Scene, and be what they behold:
 For this the Tragic-Muse first trod the Stage,
 Commanding Tears to stream thro' every Age;
 Tyrants no more their Savage Nature kept,
 And Foes to Virtue wonder'd how they wept.
 Our Author shuns by Vulgar Springs to move
 The Hero's Glory, or the Virgin's Love;
 In pitying Love we but our Weakness shew,
 And wild Ambition well deserves its Woe.
 Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous Cause:
 Such Tears as Patriots shed for dying Laws:
 He bids your Breasts with Ancient Ardour rise,
 And calls forth Roman drops from British Eyes.
 Virtue confess'd in human Shape he draws,
 What Plato thought, and God-like Cato Was:
 No common Object to your Sight displays,
 But what with Pleasure Heav'n itself surveys;
 A brave Man struggling in the Storms of Fate,
 And greatly falling with a falling State!
 While Cato gives his little Senate Laws,
 What Besom beats not in his Country's Cause?
 Who sees him act, but envies ev'ry Deed?
 Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?

PROLOGUE.

13

*Ev'n when proud Cæsar 'midst triumphal Cars,
The Spoils of Nations, and the Pomp of Wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently Great,
Shew'd Rome her Cato's Figure drawn in State,
As her dead Father's reverend Image past,
The Pomp was darken'd, and the Day o'ercaſt;
The Triumph ceas'd—Tears gush'd from ev'ry Eye,
The World's great Victor paſt unheeded by;
Her laſt good Man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honour'd Cæſar's leſs than Cato's Sword.*

*Britons attend: Be Worth like this approv'd,
And ſhew you have the Virtue to be mov'd.
With honeſt Scorn the firſt fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning Arts from Greece, whom ſhe ſubdu'd:
Our Scene precariouſly ſubmits too long
On French Tranſlation and Italian Song.
Dare to have Senſe yourſelves; Aſſert the Stage,
Be juſtly warm'd with your own native Rage,
Such Plays alone ſhould pleaſe a Britiſh Ear,
As Cato's ſelf had not diſdain'd to hear.*





Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

CATO.

Lucius, } *Senators.*
Sempronius }
Juba, *a Prince of Numidia.*
Syphax, *General of the Numidians.*
Portius, } *Sons of Cato.*
Marcus, }
Decius, *Ambassador from Cæsar.*

Mr. Booth.
Mr. Keen.
Mr. Mills.
Mr. Wilks.
Mr. Cibber.
Mr. Powell.
Mr. Rian.
Mr. Bowman.

Mutineers, Guards, &c.

W O M E N.

Marcia, *Daughter to Cato.*
Lucia, *Daughter to Lucius.*

Mrs. Oldfield.
Mrs. Porter.

SCENE, *A large Hall in the Governor's
Palace of Utica.*



CATO.



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C A T O.

ACT I. SCENE I.

PORTIUS, MARCUS.

Portius.

THE Dawn is overcast, the Morning low'rs,
And heavily in Clouds brings on the Day,
The great, th' important Day, big with
the Fate

Of *Cato* and of *Rome*—Our Father's Death
Would fill up all the Guilt of Civil War,
And close the Scene of Blood. Already *Cæsar*
Has ravaged more than half the Globe, and sees
Mankind grown thin by his destructive Sword:
Should he go further, Numbers would be wanting
To form new Battles, and support his Crimes.
Ye Gods, what Havock does Ambition make
Among your Works!

Marc. Thy steady Temper, *Portius*,
Can look on Guilt, Rebellion, Fraud, and *Cæsar*,
In the calm Lights of mild Philosophy:
I'm tortur'd, even to Madness, when I think
On the proud Victor; ev'ry time he's nam'd
Pharsalia rises to my View!——I see
Th' insulting Tyrant prancing o'er the Field
Strow'd with *Rome's* Citizens, and drench'd in Slaughter,
His Horse's Hoofs wet with Patrician Blood!
Oh *Portius*, is there not some chosen Curse,
Some hidden Thunder in the Stores of Heav'n,
Red with uncommon Wrath, to blast the Man,
Who owes his Greatness to his Country's Ruin?

Por. Believe me, *Marcus*, 'tis an impious Greatness,
And mix'd with too much Horror to be envy'd:

How

How does the Lustre of our Father's Actions,
 Through the dark Cloud of Ills that cover him,
 Break out, and burn with more triumphant Brightness !
 His Suff'rings shine, and spread a Glory round him ;
 Greatly unfortunate, he fights the Cause
 Of Honour, Virtue, Liberty, and *Rome*.
 His Sword ne'er fell but on the Guilty Head ;
 Oppression, Tyranny, and Power usurp'd,
 Draw all the Vengeance of his Arm upon 'em.

Marc. Who knows not this ? But what can *Cato* do
 Against a World, a base degen'rate World,
 That courts the Yoke, and bows the Neck to *Cæsar* ?
 Pent up in *Utica*, he vainly forms
 A poor Epitome of *Roman* Greatness,
 And, cover'd with *Numidian* Guards, directs
 A feeble Army, and an empty Senate,
 Remnants of mighty Battles fought in vain.
 By Heav'n's, such Virtues, join'd with such Success,
 Distract my very Soul : Our Fathers Fortune
 Would almost tempt us to renounce his Precepts.

Por. Remember what our Father oft has told us :
 The ways of Heav'n are dark and intricate ;
 Puzzled in Mazes, and perplex'd with Errors ;
 Our Understanding traces 'em in vain,
 Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless Search ;
 Nor sees with how much Art the Windings run,
 Nor where the Regular Confusion ends.

Marc. These are Suggestions of a Mind at Ease ;
 Oh *Portius*, didst thou taste but half the Griefs
 That wring my Soul, thou cou'dst not talk thus coldly :
 Passion unpity'd, and successless Love,
 Plant Daggers in my Heart, and aggravate
 My other Griefs. Were but my *Lucia* kind !——

Per. Thou feest not that thy Brother is thy Rival :
 But I must hide it, for I know thy Temper. [*Aside.*]

Now, *Marcus*, now, thy Virtue's on the Proof :
 Put forth thy utmost Strength, work ev'ry Nerve,
 And call up all thy Father in thy Soul :
 To quell the Tyrant Love, and guard thy Heart
 On this weak Side, where most our Nature fails,
 Would be a Conquest worthy *Cato's* Son.

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Marc. Portius, the Counsel which I cannot take,
 Instead of Healing, but upbraids my Weakness.
 Bid me for Honour plunge into a War
 Of thickest Foes, and rush on certain Death,
 Then shalt thou see that *Marcus* is not slow
 To follow Glory, and confess his Father.
 Love is not to be reason'd down or lost
 In high Ambition, and a Thirst of Greatness;
 'Tis second Life, it grows into the Soul,
 Warms ev'ry Vein, and beats in ev'ry Pulse,
 I feel it here: My Resolution melts ———

Por. Behold young *Juba*, the *Numidian* Prince!
 With how much Care he forms himself to Glory,
 And breaks the Fierceness of his Native Temper
 To copy out our Father's bright Example.
 He loves our Sister *Marcia*, greatly loves her,
 His Eyes, his Looks, his Actions all betray it:
 But still the smother'd Fondness burns within him.
 When most it swells, and labours for a Vent,
 The Sense of Honour and Desire of Fame
 Drive the big Passion back into his Heart.
 What! shall an *African*, shall *Juba's* Heir
 Reproach great *Cato's* Son, and shew the World
 A Virtue wanting in a *Roman* Soul?

Marc. Portius, no more! your Words leave Stings be-
 When-e'er did *Juba*, or did *Portius*, shew [hind 'em,
 A Virtue that has cast me at a Distance,
 And thrown me out in the Pursuits of Honour!

Por. Marcus, I know thy gen'rous Temper well;
 Fling but th' Appearance of Dishonour on it,
 It straight takes Fire, and mounts into a Blaze.

Marc. A Brother's Sufferings claim a Brother's Pity:

Por. Heav'n knows I pity thee: Behold my Eyes
 Ev'n whilst I speak—Do they not swim in Tears?
 Were but my Heart as naked to thy View,
Marcus would see it bleed in his Behalf.

Marc. Why then dost treat me with Rebukes, instead
 Of kind condoling Cares, and friendly Sorrow!

Por. O *Marcus*, did I know the Way to ease
 Thy troubled Heart, and mitigate thy Pains,
Marcus, believe me, I could die to do it.

Marc. Thou best of Brothers, and thou best of Friends!
Pardon a weak distemper'd Soul that swells
With sudden Gusts, and sinks as soon in Calms,
The Sport of Passions:—But *Sempronius* comes:
He must not find this Softness hanging on me. [*Exit.*]



S C E N E II.

Enter SEMPRONIUS.

Semp. CONspiracies no sooner should be form'd
Than executed. What means *Portius* here?
I like not that cold Youth, I must dissemble,
And speak a Language foreign to my Heart. [*Aside.*]
Sempronius, Portius.

Good Morrow *Portius*, let us once embrace,
Once more embrace; whilst yet we both are free.
To-morrow should we thus express our Friendship,
Each might receive a Slave into his Arms:
This Sun perhaps, this Morning Sun's the last,
That e'er shall rise on *Roman Liberty*.

Por. My Father has this Morning call'd together
To this poor Hall his little *Roman Senate*,
(The leavings of *Pharsalia*) to consult
If yet he can oppose the mighty Torrent
That bears down *Rome*, and all her Gods before it,
Or must at length give up the World to *Cæsar*.

Semp. Not all the Pomp and Majesty of *Rome*
Can raise her Senate more than *Cato's* Presence.
His Virtues render our Assembly awful,
They strike with something like religious Fear,
And make ev'n *Cæsar* tremble at the Head
Of Armies flush'd with Conquest. O my *Portius*,
Could I but call that wondrous Man my Father,
Wou'd but thy Sister *Marcia* be propitious
To thy Friend's Vows, I might be blest indeed!

Por. Alas! *Sempronius*, wou'd'st thou talk of Love
To *Martia*, whilst her Father's Life's in Danger?
Thou might'st as well court the pale trembling Vestal,
When she beholds the Holy Flame expiring.

Semp. The more I see the wonders of thy Race,

The

The more I'm charm'd. Thou must take heed my *Portius*!
The World has all its Eyes on *Cato's* Son.

Thy Father's Merit sets thee up to View,
And shews thee in the fairest point of Light,
To make thy Virtues, or thy Faults, conspicuous.

Por. Well dost thou seem to check my Lingring here
On this important Hour—I'll straight away,
And while the Fathers of the Senate meet
In close Debate to weigh the Events of War,
I'll animate the Soldiers drooping Courage,
With Love of Freedom, and Contempt of Life:
I'll thunder in their Ears their Country's Cause,
And try to rouse up all that's *Roman* in 'em.
'Tis not in Mortals to command Success,
But we'll do more, *Sempronius*; we'll deserve it. [*Exit.*

Sempronius solus.

Semp. Curse on the Stripling! how he ape's his Sire!
Ambitiously sententious! ——— But I wonder
Old *Syphax* comes not; his *Numidian* Genius
Is well disposed to Mischief, were he prompt
And eager on it; but he must be spurr'd,
And ev'ry Moment quickned to the Course.
——— *Cato* has us'd me ill: He has refused
His Daughter *Marcia* to my ardent Vows.
Besides, his baffled Arms and ruin'd Cause
Are Bars to my Ambition. *Cæsar's* Favour,
That show'rs down Greatness on his Friends, will raise me
To *Rome's* first Honours. If I give up *Cato*,
I claim in my Reward his Captive Daughter.
But *Syphax* comes! ———



SCENE III.

SYPHAX, SEMPRONIUS.

Syph. SEMPRONIUS, all is ready,
I've founded my *Numidians*, Man by Man,
And find them ripe for a Revolt: They all
Complain aloud of *Cato's* Discipline,
And wait but the Command to change their Master.

Semp. Believe me, *Syphax*, there's no Time to waste;
C 2 Even

Even while we speak our Conqueror comes on,
 And gathers Ground upon us ev'ry Moment.
 Alas! thou know'st not *Cæsar's* active Soul,
 With what a dreadful Course he rushes on
 From War to War? In vain has Nature form'd
 Mountains and Oceans to oppose his Passage;
 He bounds o'er all, victorious in his March:
 The *Alps* and *Pyreneans* sink before him,
 Through Winds and Waves, and Storms he works his Way
 Impatient for the Battle; One Day more
 Will set the Victor thund'ring at our Gates.
 But tell me, hast thou yet drawn o'er young *Juba*?
 That still would recommend thee more to *Cæsar*,
 And challenge better Terms.

Syph. Alas! he's lost.

He's lost, *Sempronius*; all his Thoughts are full
 Of *Cato's* Virtues——But I'll try once more
 (For ev'ry Instant I expect him here,)
 If yet I can subdue those stubborn Principles
 Of Faith, of Honour, and I know not what,
 That have corrupted his *Numidian* Temper,
 And struck th' Infection into all his Soul.

Semp. Be sure to press upon him ev'ry Motive,
Juba's Surrender, since his Father's Death,
 Would give up *Africk* into *Cæsar's* Hands,
 And make him Lord of half the burning Zone.

Syph. But is it true, *Sempronius*, that your Senate
 Is call'd together? Gods! Thou must be cautious!
Cato has piercing Eyes, and will discern
 Our Frauds, unless they're cover'd thick with Art,

Semp. Let me alone, good *Syphax*, I'll conceal
 My Thoughts in Passion (tis the surest way;)
 I'll bellow out for *Rome* and for my Country,
 And mouth at *Cæsar* 'till I shake the Senate,
 Your cold Hypocrisy's a stale Device,
 A worn-out Trick: Would'st thou be thought in earnest?
 Clothe thy feign'd Zeal in Rage, in Fire, in Fury!

Syph. In troth, thou'rt able to instruct Grey-hairs,
 And teach the wily *African* Deceit!

Semp. Once more be sure to try thy Skill on *Juba*.
 Mean while I'll hasten to my *Roman* Soldiers,

Inflame

Inflame the Mutiny, and underhand
 Blow up their Discontents, 'till they break out
 Unlook'd for, and discharge themselves on *Cato*.
 Remember, *Syphax*, we must work in Haste:
 O think what anxious Moments pass between
 The Birth of Plots, and their last fatal Periods.
 Oh! 'tis a dreadful Interval of Time,
 Fill'd up with Horror all, and big with Death!
 Destruction hangs on ev'ry Word we speak,
 On ev'ry Thought, 'till the concluding Stroke
 Determines all, and closes our Design. [Exit.

Syphax solus.

I'll try if yet I can reduce to Reason
 This headstrong Youth, and make him spurn at *Cato*.
 The Time is short, *Cæsar* comes rushing on us—
 But hold! young *Juba* sees me, and approaches.



SCENE IV.

J U B A, S Y P H A X.

Jub. SYPHAX, I joy to meet thee thus alone.
 I have observ'd of late thy Looks are fall'n,
 O'ercastr with gloomy Cares and Discontent;
 Then tell me, *Syphax*, I conjure thee tell me,
 What are the Thoughts that knit thy Brow in Frowns,
 And turn thine Eye thus coldly on thy Prince!

Syph. 'Tis not my Talent to conceal my Thoughts,
 Or carry Smiles and Sun-shine in my Face,
 When Discontent sits heavy at my Heart.
 I have not yet so much the *Roman* in me.

Jub. Why dost thou cast out such ungenerous Terms
 Against the Lords and Sov'reigns of the World?
 Dost thou not see Mankind fall down before them,
 And own the Force of their superior Virtue?
 Is there a Nation in the Wilds of *Africk*,
 Amidst our barren Rocks and burning Sands,
 That does not tremble at the *Roman* Name?

Syph. Gods! Where's the Worth that sets this People up
 Above your own *Numidia's* tawny Sons!
 Do they with tougher Sinews bend the Bow?

Or

Or flies the Jav'lin swifter to its Mark,
 Lanch'd from the Vigour of a *Roman* Arm!
 Who like our active *African* instructs
 The fiery Steed, and trains him to his Hand?
 Or guides in Troops th' embattled Elephant,
 Loaden with War? These, these are Arts, my Prince;
 In which your *Zama* does not stoop to *Rome*.

Jub. These all are Virtues of a meaner Rank,
 Perfections that are plac'd in Bones and Nerves.
 A *Roman* Soul is bent on higher Views :
 To civilize the rude unpolish'd World.
 To lay it under the Restraint of Laws ;
 To make Man mild and sociable to Man ;
 To cultivate the wild licentious Savage
 With Wisdom, Discipline, and lib'ral Arts,
 The Embellishments of Life : Virtues like these,
 Make Human Nature shine, reform the Soul,
 And break our fierce Barbarians into Men.

Syph. Patience, kind Heav'ns !—Excuse an old Man's
 warmth.

What are these wond'rous civilizing Arts,
 This *Roman* Polish, and this smooth Behaviour,
 That render Man thus tractable and tame?
 Are they not only to disguise our Passions,
 To set our Looks at Variance with our Thoughts,
 To check the starts and Sallies of the Soul,
 And break off all its Commerce with the Tongue ;
 In short to change us into other Creatures,
 Than what our Nature and the Gods design'd us?

Jub. To strike thee dumb : Turn up thy Eyes to *Cato* !
 There may'st thou see to what a Godlike Height
 The *Roman* Virtues lift up mortal Man,
 While good, and just, and anxious for his Friends,
 He's still severely bent against himself ;
 Renouncing Sleep, and Rest, and Food, and Ease,
 He strives with Thirst and Hunger, Toil and Heat ;
 And when his Fortune sets before him all
 The Pomps and Pleasures that his Soul can wish,
 His rigid Virtue will accept of none.

Syph. Believe me, Prince, there's not an *African*
 That traverses our vast *Numidian* Desarts,

In

In quest of Prey, and lives upon his Bow,
 But better practises these boasted Virtues.
 Coarse are his Meals, the Fortune of the Chase,
 Amidst the running Stream he slakes his Thirst,
 Toils all the Day, and at th' Approach of Night
 On the first friendly Bank he throws him down,
 Or rests his Head upon a Rock 'till Morn :
 Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted Game,
 And if the following Day he chance to find
 A new Repast, or an untasted Spring,
 Blesses his Stars, and thinks it Luxury.

Jub. Thy Prejudices, *Syphax*, won't discern
 What Virtues grow from Ignorance and Choice,
 Nor how the Hero differs from the Brute.
 But grant that others cou'd with equal Glory
 Look down on Pleasures, and the Baits of Sense ;
 Where shall we find the Man that bears Affliction,
 Great and Majestick in his Grievs, like *Cato* ?
 Heav'ns ! with what Strength, what Steadiness of Mind,
 He triumphs in the midst of all his Suff'rings !
 How does he rise against a Load of Woes,
 And thank the Gods that throw the Weight upon him !

Syp. 'Tis Pride, rank Pride, and Haughtiness of Soul :
 I think the *Romans* call it *Stoicism*.

Had not your Royal Father thought so highly
 Of *Roman* Virtue, and of *Cato's* Cause,
 He had not fall'n by a Slave's Hand, inglorious :
 Nor would his slaughter'd Army now have lain
 On *Africk* Sands, disfigur'd with their Wounds,
 To gorge the Wolves and Vultures of *Numidia*.

Jub. Why didst thou call my Sorrows up afresh ?
 My Father's Name brings Tears into my Eyes.

Syp. Oh, that you'd profit by your Father's Ills !

Jub. What wou'dst thou have me do !

Syp. Abandon *Cato*.

Jub. *Syphax*, I should be more than twice an Orphan
 By such a Loss.

Syp. Ay, there's the Tie that binds you !
 You long to call him Father: *Marcia's* Charms
 Work in your Heart unseen, and plead for *Cato*.
 No wonder you are deaf to all I say,

Jub.

Jub. *Syphax*, your Zeal becomes importunate ;
I've hitherto permitted it to rave,
And talk at large ! but learn to keep it in,
Lest it should take more Freedom than I'll give it.

Syph. Sir, your great Father never us'd me thus.
Alas, he's dead ! But can you e'er forget
The tender Sorrows and the Pangs of Nature,
The fond Embraces, and repeated Blessings,
Which you drew from him in your last Farewel ?
Still must I cherish the dear, sad, Remembrance,
At once to torture, and to please my Soul.
The good old King at parting wrung my Hand,
(His Eyes brim-full of Tears) then sighing cry'd,
Pr'ythee be careful of my Son ! — His Grief
Swell'd up so high he could not utter more.

Jub. Alas, the Story melts away my Soul.
That best of Fathers ! how shall I discharge
The Gratitude and Duty which I owe him !

Syph. By laying up his Counsels in your Heart.

Jub. His Counsels bade me yield to thy Directions :
Then, *Syphax*, chide me in severest Terms,
Vent all thy Passion, and I'll stand its Shock,
Calm and unruffled as a Summer Sea,
When not a Breath of Wind flies o'er its Surface.

Syph. Alas, my Prince, I'd guide you to your Safety.

Jub. I do believe thou wou'dst ; but tell me how.

Syph. Fly from the Fate that follows *Cæsar's* Foes.

Jub. My Father scorn'd to do it.

Syph. And therefore dy'd.

Jub. Better to die ten thousand thousand Deaths,
Than wound my Honour.

Syph. Rather say your Love.

Jub. *Syphax*, I've promis'd to preserve my Temper,
Why wilt thou urge me to confess a Flame,
I long have stifled, and would fain conceal ?

Syph. Believe me, Prince, tho' hard to conquer Love,
'Tis easy to divert and break its Force.

Absence might cure it, or a second Mistress
Light up another Flame, and put out this.
The glowing Dames of *Zama's* Royal Court
Have faces flush'd with more exalted Charms ;

The

The Sun that rolls his Chariot o'er their Heads,
Works up more Fire and Colour in their Cheeks:
Were you with these my Prince, you'd soon forget
The pale, unripen'd, Beauties of the *North*.

Jub. 'Tis not a Set of Features, or Complexion,
The Tincture of a Skin that I admire.

Beauty soon grows familiar to the Lover,
Fades in his Eye, and palls upon his Sense.
The virtuous *Marcia* tow'rs above her Sex:
True, she is fair, (Oh, how divinely fair!)
But still the lovely Maid improves her Charms,
With inward Greatness, unaffected Wisdom,
And Sanctity of Manners. *Cato's* Soul
Shines out in every Thing she acts or speaks,
While winning Mildness and attractive Smiles
Dwells in her Looks, and with becoming Grace
Softens the Rigour of her Father's Virtues.

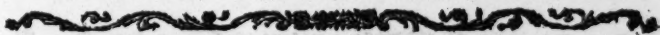
Syph. How does your Tongue grow wanton in her Praise!
But on my Knees I beg you would consider——

Enter Marcia and Lucia.

Jub. Hah! *Syphax*, is't not she! — She moves this Way:
And with her *Lucia*, *Lucius's* fair Daughter.

My Heart beats thick — I pr'ythee, *Syphax*, leave me.

Syph. Ten thousand Curses fasten on them both!
Now will this Woman with a single Glance
Undo what I've been lab'ring all this while. [Exit.



S C E N E V.

JUBA, MARCIA, LUCIA:

Juba.

HAil, charming Maid! how does thy Beauty smoothe
The Face of War, and make ev'n Horror smile!
At Sight of thee my Heart shakes off its Sorrows:
I feel a Dawn of Joy break in upon me,
And for a while forget th'Approach of *Cesar*.

Mar. I shou'd be greiv'd, young Prince, to think my
Presence

Unbent your Thoughts, and slacken'd 'em to Arms,
D While

While warm with Slaughter, our victorious Foe
Threatens aloud, and calls you to the Field.

Jub. O *Marcia*, let me hope thy kind Concerns
And gentle Wishes follow me to Battle !
The Thought will give new Vigour to my Arms,
Add Strength and Weight to my descending Sword,
And drive it in a Tempest on the Foe.

Mar. My Pray'rs and Wishes always shall attend
The Friends of *Rome*, the glorious Cause of Virtue,
And Men approv'd of by the Gods and *Cato*.

Job. That *Juba* may deserve thy pious Cares,
I'll gaze for ever on thy Godlike Father,
Transplanting, one by one, into my Life
His bright Perfections, 'till I shine like him.

Mar. My Father never at a Time like this
Wou'd lay out his great Soul in Words, and waste
Such precious Moments.

Jub. Thy Reproofs are just,
Thou virtuous Maid; I'll hasten to my Troops,
And fire their languid Souls with *Cato's* Virtue.
If e'er I lead them to the Field, when all
The War shall stand ranged in its just Array,
And dreadful Pomp : Then will I think on thee ;
O lovely Maid, Then will I think on thee !
And in the shock of charging Hosts, remember
What glorious Deeds shou'd grace the Man, who hopes
For *Marcia's* Love. [Exit.]



SCENE VI.

LUCIA, MARCIA.

Luc. **M***Arcia*, you're too severe :
How cou'd you chide the young good-natured
Prince,

And drive him from you with so stern an Air.
A Prince that loves and dotes on you to Death ?

Mar. 'Tis therefore, *Lucia*, that I chide him from me.
His Air, his Voice, his Looks, his honest Soul
Speak all so movingly in his Behalf,
I dare not trust myself to hear him talk,

Luc.

Luc. Why will you fight against so sweet a Passion.
And steel your Heart to such a World of Charms?

Mar. How, *Lucia*, woud'st thou have me sink away
In pleasing Dreams, and lose myself in Love,
When ev'ry Moment *Cato's* Life's at Stake?

Cæsar comes arm'd with Terror and Revenge,
And aims his Thunder at my Father's Head:
Should not the sad Occasion swallow up
My other Cares, and draw them all into it?

Luc. Why have not I this Constancy of Mind,
Who have so many Grievs to try its Force?
Sure, Nature form'd me of her softest Mould,
Enfeebled all my Soul with tender Passions,
And sunk me even below mine own weak Sex:
Pity, and Love, by turns oppress my Heart.

Mar. *Lucia*, disburden all thy Cares on me,
And let me share thy most retir'd Distress:
Tell me who raises up this Conflict in thee?

Luc. I need not blush to name them, when I tell thee
They're *Marcia's* Brothers, and the Sons of *Cato*.

Mar. They both behold thee with their Sister's Eyes:
And often have reveal'd their Passion to me,
But tell me whose Address thou fav'rest most,
I long to know, and yet I dread to hear it.

Luc. Which is it *Marcia* wishes for?

Mar. For neither——

And yet for both—The Youths have equal Share
In *Marcia's* Wishes, and divide their Sister:
But tell me, which of them is *Lucia's* Choice?

Luc. *Marcia*, they both are high in my Esteem,
But in my Love—Why wilt thou make me name him!
Thou know'st it is a blind, and foolish Passion,
Pleas'd, and disgusted with it knows not what——

Mar. O *Lucia*, I am perplex'd, O tell me which
I must hereafter call my happy Brother?

Luc. Suppose 'twere *Portius*, could you blame my
Choice?——

O *Portius*, thou hast stol'n away my Soul!
With what a graceful Tendernefs he loves!
And breathes the softest, the sincerest Vows!
Complacency, and Truth, and manly Sweetnefs

Dwell ever on his Tongue, and smoothe his Thoughts.
Marcus is over-warm, his fond Complaints
 Have so much Earnestness and Passion in them,
 I hear him with a secret Kind of Horror,
 And tremble at his Vehemence of Temper.

Mar. Alas, poor Youth! how canst thou throw him
 from thee?

Lucia, thou know'st not half the Love he bears thee?
 Whene'er he speaks of thee, his Heart's in Flames,
 He sends out all his Soul in ev'ry Word,
 And thinks, and talks, and looks like one transported.
 Unhappy Youth! How will thy Coldness raise
 Tempests and Storms in his afflicted Bosom!
 I dread the Consequence.

Luc. You seem to plead
 Against your Brother *Portius*.

Mar. Heav'n forbid!

Had *Portius* been the unsuccessful Lover,
 The same Compassion would have fall'n on him.

Luc. Was ever Virgin Love distressed like mine!
Portius himself oft falls in Tears before me,
 As if he mourn'd his Rival's ill Success,
 Then bids me hide the Motions of my Heart,
 Nor shew which Way it turns. So much he fears
 The sad Effects that it would have on *Marcus*.

Mar. He knows too well how easily he's fired,
 And would not plunge his Brother in Despair,
 But waits for happier Times, and kinder Moments.

Luc. Alas, too late I find myself involved
 In endless Griefs, and Labyrinths of Woe,
 Born to afflict my *Marcia*'s Family,
 And sow Dissension in the Hearts of Brothers,
 Tormenting Thought! it cuts into my Soul.

Mar. Let us not, *Lucia*, aggravate our Sorrows,
 But to the Gods permit th' Event of Things.
 Our Lives, discolour'd with our present Woes,
 May still grow bright, and smile with happier Hours.

So the pure limpid Stream, when foul with Stains
 Of rushing Torrents, and descending Rains,
 Works itself clear, and as it runs, refines;
 'Till by Degrees the floating Mirrour shines,

Reflects

Reflects each Flow'r that on the Border grows,
 And a new Heav'n in its fair Bosom shews. [Exeunt.
The End of the first Act.



A C T II. S C E N E I.

The S E N A T E.

Semp. **R**OME still survives in this assembled Senate!
 Let us remember we are *Cato's* Friends,
 And act like Men who claim that glorious Title.

Luc. *Cato* will soon be here and open to us
 Th' Occasion of our Meeting. Hark! he comes!
 [A Sound of Trumpets.
 May all the Guardian Gods of *Rome* direct him!

Enter Cato.

Cato. Fathers, we once again are met in Council.
Cæsar's Approach has summon'd us together,
 And *Rome* attends her Fate from our Resolves:
 How shall we treat this bold aspiring Man?
 Success still follows him, and Backs his Crimes:
Pharsalia gave him *Rome*, *Egypt* has since
 Receiv'd his Yoke, and the whole *Nile* is *Cæsar's*.
 Why should I mention *Juba's* Overthrow,
 And *Scipio's* Death? *Numidia's* burning Sands
 Still smoke with Blood. 'Tis time we should decree
 What Course to take. Our Foe advances on us,
 And envies us even *Libya's* sultry Desarts.
 Fathers, pronounce your Thoughts, are they still fixt
 To hold it out, and fight it to the last?
 Or are your Hearts subdu'd at length, and wrought
 By Time and ill Success to a Submission?
Sempronius, speak.

Semp. My Voice is still for War.
 Gods, can a *Roman* Senate long debate
 Which of the two to choose, Slav'ry or Death!
 No, let us rise at once, gird on our Swords,
 And at the Head of our remaining Troops,
 Attack the Foe, break through the thick Array
 Of his throng'd Legions, and charge home upon him.
 Perhaps some Arm, more lucky than the rest,

May teach his Heart, and free the World from Bondage.
 Rise, Fathers, rise! 'tis *Rome* demands your Help;
 Rise, and revenge her slaughter'd Citizens,
 Or share their Fate! The Corps of half her Senate
 Manure the Fields of *Thessaly*, while we
 Sit here delib'rating in cold Debates,
 If we should sacrifice our Lives to Honour,
 Or wear them out in Servitude and Chains.
 Rouse up for Shame! our Brothers of *Pharsalia*
 Point at their Wounds, and cry aloud—To Battle!
 Great *Pompey's* Shade complains that we are slow,
 And *Scipio's* Ghost walks unreveng'd amongst us!

Cato. Let not a Torrent of impetuous Zeal
 Transport thee thus beyond the Bounds of Reason:
 True Fortitude is seen in great Exploits
 That Justice warrants, and that Wisdom guides,
 All else is tow'ring Frenzy and Distraction.
 Are not the Lives of those who draw the Sword
 In *Rome's* Defence intrusted to our Care?
 Should we thus lead them to a Field of Slaughter,
 Might not th' impartial World with Reason say,
 We lavish'd at our Deaths the Blood of Thousands,
 To grace our Fall, and make our Ruin glorious?
Lucius, we next would know what's your Opinion.

Luc. My Thoughts I must confess are turn'd to Peace.
 Already have our Quarrels fill'd the World
 With Widows, and with Orphans: *Scythia* mourns
 Our guilty Wars, and Earth's remotest Regions
 Lie half unpeopled by the Feuds of *Rome*:
 'Tis time to sheath the Sword, and spare Mankind.
 It is not *Cæsar*, but the Gods, my Fathers,
 The Gods declare against us, and repel
 Our vain Attempts. To urge the Foe to Battle,
 (Prompted by blind Revenge and wild Despair)
 Were to refuse th'Awards of Providence,
 And not to rest in Heaven's Determination.
 Already have we shewn our Love to *Rome*,
 Now let us shew Submission to the Gods.
 We took up Arms, not to revenge ourselves,
 But free the Commonwealth; when this End fails,
 Arms have no further Use: Our Country's Cause,

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That drew our Swords, now wrests them from our Hands,
And bids us not delight in *Roman* Blood,
Unprofitably shed; what Men could do
Is done already: Heav'n and Earth will witness,
If *Rome* must fall, that we are innocent.

Semp. This smooth Discourse, and mild Behaviour oft
Conceal a Traitor——Something whispers me
All is not right——*Cato*, beware of *Lucius*.

[*Afide to Cato.*]

Cato. Let us appear nor rash nor diffident:
Immod'rate Valour swells into a Fault;
And Fear, admitted into publick Councils,
Betrays like Treason. Let us shun 'em both.
Fathers, I cannot see that our Affairs
Are grown thus desp'rate, we have Bulwarks round us:
Within our Walls are Troops inured to Toil
In *Africk's* Heats, and season'd to the Sun;
Numidia's spacious Kingdom lies behind us,
Ready to rise at it's young Prince's Call.
While there is Hope, do not distrust the Gods:
But wait at least 'till *Cæsar's* near Approach
Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
To sue for Chains, and own a Conqueror.
Why should *Rome* fall a Moment ere her Time?
No, let us draw her Term of Freedom out
In its full Length, and spin it to the last,
So shall we gain still one Day's Liberty;
And let me perish, but in *Cato's* Judgment
A Day, an Hour of virtuous Liberty,
Is worth a whole Eternity of Bondage.

Enter Marcus.

Mar. Fathers, this Moment, as I watch'd the Gate,
Lo'g'd on my Post, a Herald is arriv'd
From *Cæsar's* Camp, and with him comes old *Decius*,
The *Roman* Knight; he carries in his Looks
Impatience, and demands to speak with *Cato*.

Cato. By Permission, Fathers, bid him enter.

[*Exit Marcus.*]

Decius was once my Friend, but other Prospects
Have loos'd those Ties, and bound him fast to *Cæsar*.
His Message may determine our Resolves.

S C E N E



S C E N E II.

D E C I U S, C A T O.

Dec. **C**ÆSAR sends Health to *Cato*——

Cato. Cou'd he send it
To *Cato's* slaughter'd Friends, it would be welcome.
Are not your Orders to address the Senate?

Dec. My Business is with *Cato*; *Cæsar* sees
The Straits to which you're driven; and, as he knows
Cato's high Worth, is anxious for your Life.

Cato. My Life is grafted on the Fate of *Rome*:
Would he save *Cato*, bid him spare his Country.
Tell your Dictator this: and tell him, *Cato*
Disdains a Life, which he has Power to offer.

Dec. *Rome* and her Senators submit to *Cæsar*;
Her Gen'als and her Consuls are no more,
Who check'd his Conquests, and denied his Triumphs.
Why will not *Cato* be this *Cæsar's* Friend?

Cato. Those very Reasons thou hast urg'd, forbid it.

Dec. *Cato*, I've Orders to expostulate,
And reason with you as from Friend to Friend;
Think on the Storm that gathers o'er your Head,
And threatens ev'ry Hour to burst upon it;
Still may you stand high in your Country's Honours.
Do but comply, and make your Peace with *Cæsar*.
Rome will rejoice, and cast its Eyes on *Cato*.
As on the Second of Mankind.

Cato. No more:
I must not think of Life on such Conditions.

Dec. *Cæsar* is well acquainted with your Virtues,
And therefore sets this Value on your Life:
Let him but know the Price of *Cato's* Friendship,
And name your Terms.

Cato. Bid him disband his Legions,
Restore the Commonwealth to Liberty,
Submit his Actions to the Publick Censure,
And stand the Judgment of a *Roman* Senate.
Bid him do this, and *Cato* is his Friend.

Dec. *Cato*, The World talks loudly of your Wisdom——

Cato.

Cato. Nay more, tho' *Cato's* Voice was ne'er employ'd
To clear the Guilty, and to varnish Crimes,
Myself will mount the Rostrum in his Favour,
And strive to gain his Pardon from the People.

Dec. A Stile like this becoëms a Conqueror.

Cato. *Decius*, a Stile like this, becomes a *Roman*.

Dec. What is a *Roman* that is *Cæsar's* Foe?

Cato. Greater than *Cæsar*: He's a Friend to Virtue.

Dec. Consider, *Cato*, you're in *Utica*,
And at the Head of your own little Senate;
You don't now thunder in the Capitol,
With all the Mouths of *Rome* to second you.

Cato. Let him consider that who drives us hither;
'Tis *Cæsar's* Sword has made *Rome's* Senate little,
And thinn'd its Ranks. Alas, thy dazzled Eye
Beholds this Man in a false glaring Light,
Which Conquest and Success have thrown upon him;
Did'st thou but view him right, thou'dst see him black
With Murder, Treason, Sacrilege, and Crimes,
That strike my Soul with Horror but to name 'em.
I know thou look'st on me, as on a Wretch
Beset with Ills, and cover'd with Misfortunes;
But, by the Gods I swear, Millions of Worlds
Shou'd never buy me to be like that *Cæsar*.

Dec. Does *Cato* send this Answer back to *Cæsar*,
For all his gen'rous Cares, and proffer'd Friendship?

Cato. His Cares for me are insolent and vain:
Presumptuous Man! The Gods take care of *Cato*.
Would *Cæsar* show the greatness of his Soul?
Bid him employ his Care for these my Friends,
And make good use of his ill-gotten Pow'r,
By sheltring Men much better than himself.

Dec. Your high unconquer'd Heart makes you forget
You are a Man. You rush on your Destruction.
But I have done. When I relate hereafter
The Tale of this unhappy Embassy,
All *Rome* will be in Tears.

[Exit *Decius*.

E

SCENE



S C E N E III.

SEMPRONIUS, LUCIUS, CATO.

Semp. CATO, we thank thee.
The mighty Genius of Immortal *Rome*
Speaks in thy Voice, thy Soul breathes Liberty.
Cæsar will shrink to hear the Words thou utter'st,
And shudder in the Midst of all his Conquests.

Luc. The Senate owns its Gratitude to *Cato*,
Who with so great a Soul consults its Safety,
And guards our Lives, while he neglects his own.

Semp. *Sempronius* gives no Thanks on this Account.
Lucius seems fond of Life; but what is Life?
'Tis not to stalk about, and draw fresh Air
From time to time, or gaze upon the Sun;
'Tis to be free. When Liberty is gone,
Life grows insipid, and has lost its Relish.
O cou'd my dying hand but lodge a Sword
In *Cæsar*'s Bosom, and revenge my Country,
By Heav'n's I could enjoy the Pangs of Death,
And smile in Agony.

Luc. Others, perhaps,
May serve their Country with as warm a Zeal,
'Though 'tis not kindled into so much Rage.

Semp. This sober Conduct is a mighty Virtue
In lukewarm Patriots.

Cato. Come! no more, *Sempronius*.
All here are Friends to *Rome*, and to each other.
Let us not weaken still the weaker Side
By our Divisions.

Semp. *Cato*, My Resentments
Are sacrific'd to *Rome*—I stand reprov'd.

Cato. Fathers, 'tis time you come to a Resolve.

Luc. *Cato*, we all go into your Opinion.
Cæsar's Behaviour has convinc'd the Senate
We ought to hold it out 'till Terms arrive.

Semp. We ought to hold it out till Death; but, *Cato*,
My private Voice is drown'd amid the Senate's.

Cato. Then let us rise, my Friends, and strive to fill
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This little Interval, this Pause of Life,
 (While yet our Liberty and Fates are doubtful)
 With Resolution, Friendship, *Roman* Bravery,
 And all the Virtues we can crowd into it;
 That Heaven may say it ought to be prolong'd.
 Fathers, farewell!—The young *Numidian* Prince
 Comes forward, and expects to know our Counsels.

[*Exeunt Senators.*]

S C E N E IV.

C A T O, J U B A.

Cato. J U B A, the *Roman* Senate has resolv'd,
 'Till Time give better Prospects, still to keep
 The Sword unsheath'd, and turn its Edge on *Cæsar*.

Jub. The Resolution fits a *Roman* Senate,
 But, *Cato*, lend me for a while thy Patience,
 And condescend to hear a young Man speak.
 My Father, when some Days before his Death
 He order'd me to march for *Utica*
 (Alas, I thought not then his Death so near!)
 Wept o'er me, prest me in his aged Arms,
 And, as his Grievs gave Way, my Son, said he,
 Whatever Fortune shall befall thy Father,
 Be *Cato's* Friend; he'll train thee up to great
 And virtuous Deeds: Do but observe him well,
 Thou'lt shun Misfortunes, or thou'lt learn to bear 'em.

Cato. *Juba*, thy Father was a worthy Prince,
 And merited, alas! a better Fate;
 But Heav'n thought otherwise.

Jub. My Father's Fate,
 In spite of all the Fortitude, that shines
 Before my Face, in *Cato's* great Example,
 Subdues my Soul, and fills my Eyes with Tears.

Cato. It is an honest Sorrow, and becomes thee.

Jub. My Father drew Respect from foreign Climes:
 The Kings of *Africk* sought him for their Friend;
 Kings far remote, that rule, as Fame reports,
 Behind the hidden Sources of the *Nile*,
 In distant Worlds, on t' other Side the Sun:
 Oft have their black Ambassadors appear'd,

Loaden with Gifts, and fill'd the Courts of *Zama*.

Cato. I am no Stranger to thy Father's Greatness!

Jub. I would not boast the Greatness of my Father,
But point out new Alliances to *Cato*.

Had we not better leave this *Utica*,
To arm *Numidia* in our Cause, and court
Th' Assistance of my Father's powerful Friends?
Did they know *Cato*, our remotest Kings
Wou'd pour embattled Multitudes about him;
Their swarthy Hosts would darken all our Plains,
Doubling the native Horror of the War,
And making Death more grim.

Cato. And can'st thou think

Cato will fly before the Sword of *Cæsar*!
Reduc'd like *Hannibal* to seek Relief
From Court to Court, and wander up and down
A Vagabond in *Africk*!

Jub. *Cato*, perhaps

I'm too officious, but my forward Cares
Wou'd fain preserve a Life of so much Value.
Hy Heart is wounded, when I see such Virtue
Afflicted by the Weight of such Misfortunes.

Cato. Thy Nobleness of Soul obliges me.

But know, young Prince, that Valour soars above
What the World calls Misfortune and Affliction.
These are not Ills; else would they never fall
On Heav'n's first Favourites and the best of Men:
The Gods, in Bounty, work up Storms about us,
That give Mankind occasion to exert
Their hidden Strength, and throw out into Practice
Virtues which shun the Day, and lie conceal'd
In the smooth Seasons and the Calms of Life.

Jub. I'm charm'd whene'er thou talk'st! I pant for
Virtue!

And all my Soul endeavours at Perfection.

Cato. Dost thou love Watchings, Abstinence, and Toil,
Laborious Virtues all? Learn them from *Cato*:
Success and Fortune must thou learn from *Cæsar*.

Jub. The best good Fortune that can fall on *Juba*.
The whole Success, at which my Heart aspires,
Depends on *Cato*.

Cato.

Cato. What does *Juba* say?
Thy Words confound me.

Jub. I would fain retract them.
Give 'em me back again. They aim'd at nothing.

Cato. Tell me thy Wish, young Prince; make not
my Ear.

A Stranger to thy Thoughts.

Jub. Oh, they're extravagant;
Still let me hide them.

Cato. What can *Juba* ask
That *Cato* will refuse!

Jub. I fear to name it.

Marcia——inherits all her Father's Virtues.

Cato. What would'st thou say?

Jub. *Cato*, thou hast a Daughter.

Cato. Adieu, young Prince: I would not hear a Word
Should lessen thee in my Esteem: Remember
The Hand of Fate is over us, and Heav'n
Exacts Severity from all our Thoughts:
It is not now a Time to talk of ought
But Chains, or Conquest; Liberty, or Death. [Exit.



S C E N E V.

S Y P H A X, J U B A.

Syph. **H**OW's this my Prince! What, cover'd with
Confusion?

You look as if yon stern Philosopher
Had just now chid you.

Jub. *Syphax*, I'm undone!

Syph. I know it well.

Jub. *Cato* thinks meanly of me.

Syph. And so will all Mankind.

Jub. I've open'd to him

The Weakness of my Soul, my Love for *Marcia*.

Syph. *Cato's* a proper Person to intrust
A Love-Tale with.

Jub. Oh, I could pierce my Heart,
My foolish Heart! Was ever Wretch like *Juba*!

Syph. Alas, my Prince how are you chang'd of late!
I've known young *Juba* rise before the Sun,

To

To beat the Thicket where the Tiger slept,
 Or seek the Lion in his dreadful Haunts:
 How did the Colour mount into your Cheeks.
 When first you rous'd him to the Chase! I've seen you,
 Ev'n in the *Lybian* Dog-days, hunt him down,
 Then charge him close, provoke him to the Rage
 Of Fangs and Claws, and stooping from your Horse
 Rivet the panting Savage to the Ground.

Jub. Pr'ythee, no more!

Syph. How would the old King smile
 To see you weigh the Paws, when tipp'd with Gold,
 And throw the shaggy Spoils about your Shoulders!

Jub. *Syphax*, this old Man's Talk (tho' Honey flow'd
 In ev'ry Word) would now lose all its Sweetness.
Cato's displeas'd, and *Marcia* lost for ever!

Syph. Young Prince, I yet could give you good Advice,
Marcia might still be yours.

Jub. What sayst thou, *Syphax*?

By Heav'ns thou turn'st me all into Attention.

Syph. *Marcia* might still be yours.

Jub. As how, dear *Syphax*?

Syph. *Juba* commands *Numidia's* hardy Troops,
 Mounted on Steeds, unus'd to the Restraint
 Of Curbs or Bits, and fleetier than the Winds:
 Give but the Word, we'll snatch this Damself up,
 And bear her off.

Jub. Can such dishonest Thoughts
 Rise up in Man! would'st thou seduce my Youth
 To do an Act that would destroy my Honour?

Syph. Gods, I could tear my Beard to hear you talk!
 Honour's a fine imaginary Notion,
 That draws in raw and unexperienced Men
 To real Mischiefs, while they hunt a Shadow.

Jub. Would'st thou degrade thy Prince into a Ruffian!

Syph. The boasted Ancestors of these great Men,
 Whose Virtues you admire, were all such Ruffians!
 This Dread of Nations, this Almighty *Rome*,
 That comprehends in her wide Empire's Bounds
 All under Heaven, was founded on a Rape,
 Your *Sci'ios*, *Casars*, *Pompeys*, and your *Catos*,
 (These Gods on Earth) are all the spurious Brood

Of violated Maids, of ravish'd *Sabines*.

Jub. Syphax, I fear that hoary Head of thine
Abounds too much in our *Numidian* Wiles.

Syph. Indeed, my Prince, you want to know the World.
You have not read Mankind, your Youth admires
'The Throws and Swellings of a *Roman* Soul,
Cato's bold Flights, th' Extravagance of Virtue.

Jub. If Knowledge of the World makes Man perfidious.
May *Juba* ever live in Ignorance!

Syph. Go, go, you're young.

Jub. Gods, must I tamely bear
This Arrogance unanswer'd! Thou'rt a Traitor,
A false old Traitor.

Syph. I have gone too far. [Aside.

Jub. *Cato* shall know the Baseness of thy Soul.

Syph. I must appease this Storm, or perish in it. [Aside.
Young Prince, behold these Locks that are grown white
Beneath a Helmet in your Father's Battles.

Jub. Those Locks shall ne'er protect thy Insolence.

Syph. Must one rash Word, th' Infirmary of Age,
Throw down the Merit of my better Years?
This the Reward of a whole Life of Service!
— Curse on the Boy! how steadily he hears me! [Aside.

Jub. Is it because the Throne of my Forefathers
Still stands unfill'd, and that *Numidia's* Crown
Hangs doubtful yet, whose Head it shall inclose,
Thou thus presum'st to treat thy Prince with Scorn?

Syph. Why will you rive my Heart with such Expressions?
Does not old *Syphax* follow you to War?
What are his Aims? Why does he load with Darts
His trembling Hand, and crush beneath a Cask
His wrinkled Brows? What is it he aspires to?
Is it not this? to shed the slow Remains,
His last poor Ebb of Blood in your Defence?

Jub. Syphax no more! I would not hear you talk.

Syph. Not hear me talk! What, when my Faith to *Juba*,
My royal Master's Son, is call'd in Question?
My Prince may strike me dead, and I'll be dumb:
But whilst I live I must not hold my Tongue,
And languish out Old Age in his Displeasure.

Jub. Thou know'st the Way too well into my Heart,
I do

I do belive thee loyal to thy Prince.

Syph. What greater Instance can I give? I've offer'd
To do an Action, which my Soul obhors,
And gain you whom you love at any Price.

Jub. Was this thy Motive? I have been too hasty.

Syph. And 'tis for this my Prince has call'd me Traitor.

Jub. Sure thou mistakest; I did not call thee so.

Syph. You did indeed, my Prince, you call'd me Traitor.
Nay, further, threaten'd you'd complain to *Cato*.

Of what, my Prince, would you complain to *Cato*?
That *Syphax* loves you, and would sacrifice
His Life, nay more, his Honour in your Service.

Jub. Syphax, I know thou lov'st me; but indeed,
Thy Zeal for *Juba* carry'd thee too far.
Honour's a sacred Tie, the Law of Kings,
The noble Mind's distinguishing Perfection,
That aids, and strengthens Virtue, where it meets her,
And animates her Actions, where she is not:
It ought not to be sported with.

Syph. By Heav'n's

I'm ravish'd when you talk thus, though you chide me!

Alas, I've hitherto been us'd to think
A blind officious Zeal to serve my King
The ruling Principle, that ought to burn
And quench all others in a Subject's Heart.

Happy the People, who preserve their Honour
By the same Duties, that oblige their Prince!

Jub. Syphax, thou now begin'st to speak thyself.
Numidia's grown a Scorn among the Nations
For breach of publick Vows. Our *Punick* Faith
Is infamous, and branded to a Proverb.

Syphax, we'll join our Cares, to purge away
Our Country's Crimes, and clear her Reputation.

Syph. Believe, me Prince, you make old *Syphax* weep,
To hear you talk—but 'tis with Tears of Joy.
If e'er your Father's Crown adorns your Brows,
Numidia will be blest with *Cato's* Lectures.

Jub. Syphax, thy Hand! we'll mutually forget
The Warmth of Youth, and Frowardness of Age.
Thy Prince esteems thy Worth, and loves thy Person,

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Syph

If e'er the Scepter comes into my Hand,
Syphax shall stand the second in my Kingdom.

Syph. Why will you overwhelm my Age with Kindness?
 My Joy grows burdensom, I shan't support it.

Jub. Syphax, farewell! I'll hence, and try to find
 Some blest Occasion that may set me right
 In *Cato's* Thoughts. I'd rather have that Man
 Approve my Deeds, than Worlds for my Admirers.

[Exit.

SYPHAX solus.

Young Men soon give, and soon forget Affronts;
 Old Age is slow in both—A false old Traitor!
 Those Words, rash Boy, may chance to cost thee dear.
 My Heart had still some foolish Fondness for thee:
 But hence! 'tis gone: I give it to the Winds:—
Cæsar, I'm wholly Thine——



SCENE VI.

SYPHAX, SEMPRONIUS.

Syph. **A**LL hail, *Sempronius*!
 Well, *Cato's* Senate is resolv'd to wait
 The Fury of a Siege, before it yields.

Semp. *Syphax*, we both were on the Verge of Fate:
Lucius declared for Peace, and Terms were offer'd
 To *Cato* by a Messenger from *Cæsar*.

Shou'd they submit, ere our Designs are ripe,
 We both must perish in the common Wreck,
 Lost in a gen'ral Undistinguish'd Ruin.

Syph. But how stands *Cato*?

Semp. Thou hast seen Mount *Atlas*:
 While Storms and Tempests thunder on its Brows,
 And Oceans break their Billows at its Feet,
 It stands unmoved, and glories in its Height.
 Such is that haughty Man; his tow'ring Soul,
 'Midst all the Shocks and Injuries of Fortune,
 Rises superior, and looks down on *Cæsar*.

Syph. But what's this Messenger?

F

Sempa

Semp. I've practis'd with him,
And found a Means to let the Victor know
That *Syphax* and *Sempronius* are his Friends.
But let me now examine in my Turn :
Is *Juba* fixt ?

Syph. Yes,—but it is to *Cato*.
I've try'd the Force of ev'ry Reason on him,
Sooth'd and caress'd, been angry, sooth'd again,
Laid Safety, Life, and Int'rest in his Sight.
But all are vain, he scorns them all for *Cato*.

Semp. Come, 'tis no matter, we shall do without him.
He'll make a pretty Figure in a Triumph,
And serve to trip before the Victor's Chariot.

Syphax, I now may hope thou hast forsook
Thy *Juba's* Cause, and wishest *Marcia* mine.

Syph. May she be thine as fast as thou would'st have her.

Semp. *Syphax*, I love that Woman ; tho' I curse
Her and myself, yet spite of me, I love her.

Syph. Make *Cato* sure, and give up *Utica*,
Cæsar will ne'er refuse thee such a Trifle.
But are thy Troops prepar'd for a Revolt ?
Does the Sedition catch from Man to Man,
And run among their Ranks ?

Semp. All, all is ready,
The factious Leaders are our Friends, that spread
Murmurs and Discontents among the Soldiers.
They count their toilsom Marches, long Fatigues,
Unusual Fastings, and will bear no more
This Medley of Philosophy and War.
Within an Hour they'll storm the Senate-House.

Syph. Mean while I'll draw my *Numidian* Troops
Within the Square, to exercise their Arms,
And, as I see Occasion, favour thee.
I laugh to think how your unshaken *Cato*
Will look aghast, while unforeseen Destruction
Pours in upon him thus from every Side.

So, where our wide *Numidian* Wastes extend,
Sudden, th' impetuous Hurricanes descend,
Wheel through the Air, in circling Eddies play,
Tear up the Sands, and sweep whole Plains away.

The

The helpless Traveller, with wild Surprise,
Sees the dry Defart all around him rise,
And smother'd in the dusty Whirlwind Dies.

}
[*Exeunt.*]

The End of the Second Act.



ACT III. SCENE I.

MARCUS and PORTIUS.

Marcus.

THanks to my Stars I have not ranged about
The Wilds of Life, ere I could find a Friend;
Nature first pointed out my *Portius* to me,
And early taught me, by her secret Force,
To love thy Person, ere I knew thy Merit:
'Till what was Instinct, grew up into Friendship.

Por. *Marcus*, the Friendships of the World are oft
Confed'racies in Vice, or Leagues of Pleasure;
Ours has severest Virtue for its Basis,
And such a Friendship ends not but with Life.

Marc. *Portius*, thou know'st my Soul in all its
Weakness,

Then pr'ythee spare me on its tender Side,
Indulge me but in Love, my other Passions
Shall rise and fall by Virtue's nicest Rules.

Por. When Love's well-timed, 'tis not a Fault to love.
The Strong, the Brave, the Virtuous, and the Wise
Sink in the soft Captivity together.
I would not urge thee to dismiss thy Passion.
(I know 'twere vain) but to suppress its Force,
Till better Times may make it look more graceful.

Marc. Alas! Thou talk'st like one who never felt
Th' impatient Throbs and Longings of a Soul,
That pants, and reaches after distant Good,
A Lover does not live by vulgar Time:
Believe me, *Portius*, in my *Lucia's* Absence

Life hangs upon me, and becomes a Burden ;
 And yet, when I behold the charming Maid,
 I'm ten-times more undone ; while Hope and Fear,
 And Grief, and Rage, and Love, rise up at once,
 And with Variety of Pain distract me.

Por. What can thy *Portius* do to give thee Help ?

Marc. *Portius*, thou oftenjoy'st the Fair One's Presence :
 Then undertake my Cause, and plead it to her
 With all the Strength and Heats of Eloquence
 Fraternal Love and Friendship can inspire.
 Tell her thy Brother languishes to Death,
 And fades away, and withers in his Bloom ;
 That he forgets his Sleep, and lothes his Food,
 That Youth, and Health and War are joyless to him :
 Describe his anxious Days, and restless Nights,
 And all the Torments that thou see'st me suffer.

Por. *Marcus*, I beg thee give me not an Office,
 That suits with me so ill. Thou know'st my Temper.

Marc. Wilt thou behold me sinking in my Woes ?
 And wilt thou not reach out a friendly Arm,
 To raise me from amidst this Plunge of Sorrows ?

Por. *Marcus*, thou can'st not ask what I'd refuse.
 But here believe me I've a thousand Reasons——

Marc. I know thou'lt say my Passion's out of Season,
 That *Cato's* great Example and Misfortunes
 Shou'd both conspire to drive it from my Thoughts.
 But what's all this to one who loves like me !
 Oh *Portius*, *Portius*, from my Soul I wish
 Thou didst but know thyself what 'tis to love !
 Then wou'dst thou pity and assist thy Brother.

Por. What should I do ! If I disclose my Passion
 Our Friendship's at an end : If I conceal it,
 The World will call me false to a Friend and Brother.

[*Aside.*

Marc. But see where *Lucia*, at her wonted Hour,
 Amid the cool of yon high Marble Arch,
 Enjoys the Noon-day Breeze ! Observe her, *Portius* !
 That Face, that Shape, those Eyes, that Heav'n of
 Beauty !

Observe her well, and blame me if thou can'st.

Por. She sees us and advances——

Marc.

Marc. I'll withdraw,
And leave you for a while. Remember, *Portius*,
Thy Brother's Life depends upon thy Tongue. [*Exit.*]



SCENE II.

LUCIA, PORTIUS.

Lucia.

DID not I see your Brother *Marcus* here !
Why did he fly the Place, and shun my Presence ?

Por. Oh, *Lucia*, Language is too faint to shew
His Rage of Love ; it preys upon his Life ;
He pines, he sickens, he despairs, he dies :
His Passions and his Virtues lie confused,
And mixt together in so wild a Tumult,
That the whole Man is quite disfigur'd in him.
Heav'ns ! would one think 'twere possible for Love
To make such Ravage in a noble Soul !

Oh, *Lucia*, I'm distress'd ! my Heart bleeds for him ;
Ev'n now, while thus I stand blest in thy Presence,
A secret Damp of Grief comes o'er my Thoughts,
And I'm unhappy, tho' thou smilest upon me.

Luc. How wilt thou guard thy Honour, in the Shock
Of Love and Friendship ! think betimes, my *Portius*,
Think how the Nuptial Tie, that might ensure
Our mutual Bliss, would raise to such a Height
Thy Brother's Grievs, as might perhaps destroy him.

Por. Alas, poor Youth ! what dost thou think, my
Lucia ?

His gen'rous, open, undesigning Heart
Has begg'd his Rival to solicit for him.
Then do not strike him dead with a Denial,
But hold him up in Life, and cheer his Soul
With the faint glimm'ring of a doubtful Hope :
Perhaps when we have pass'd these gloomy Hours,
And weather'd out the Storm that beats upon us——

Luc. No, *Portius*, no ! I see thy Sister's Tears,—
Thy Father's Anguish, and thy Brother's Death,
In the Pursuit of our ill-fated Loves.

And,

And, *Portius*, here I swear, to Heav'n I swear,
To Heav'n, and all the Pow'rs that judge Mankind,
Never to mix my plighted Hands with thine,
While such a Cloud of Mischiefs hangs about us,
But to forget our Loves, and drive thee out
From all my Thoughts, as far—as I am able.

Por. What hast thou said ! I'm thunder-struck—Recall
Those hasty Words, or I am lost for ever.

Luc. Has not the Vow already pass'd my Lips ?
The Gods have heard it, and 'tis seal'd in Heav'n.
May all the Vengeapce, that was ever pour'd
On perjur'd Heads o'erwhelm me, if I break it !

[*After a Pause.*]

Por. Fixt in Astonishment, I gaze upon thee ;
Like one just blasted by a Stroke from Heav'n,
Who pants for Breath, and stiffens, yet alive,
In dreadful Looks : A Monument of Wrath !

Luc. At length I've acted my severest Part,
I feel the Woman breaking in upon me,
And melt about my Heart ! my Tears will flow,
But oh I'll think no more ! the Hand of Fate
Has torn thee from me, and I must forget thee.

Por. Hard-hearted, cruel Maid !

Luc. Oh stop those Sounds,
Those killing Sounds ? Why dost thou frown upon me ?
My Blood runs cold, my Heart forgets to heave,
And Life itself goes out at thy Displeasure.
The Gods forbid us to indulge our Loves,
But oh ! I cannot bear thy Hate and live !

Por. Talk not of Love, thou never knew'st its Force.
I've been deluded, led into a Dream,
Of fancied Blifs. O *Lucia*, cruel Maid !
Thy dreadful Vow, loaden with Death, still sounds
In my stunn'd Ears. What shall I say or do ?
Quick, let us part ! Perdition's in thy Presence,
And Horror dwells about thee !—Ha, she faints !
Wretch that I am ! what has my Rashness done !
Lucia, thou injur'd Innocence ! thou best
And lovely'st of thy Sex ! awake, my *Lucia*,
Or *Portius* rushes on his Sword to join thee.

——Her Imprecations reach not to the Tomb,

They

They shut not out Society in Death——

But hah! She moves! Life wanders up and down
Through all her Face, and lights up every Charm.

Luc. O *Portius*, was this well!——to frown on her
That lives upon thy Smiles! to call in doubt
The Faith of one expiring at thy Feet,
That loves thee more than ever Woman lov'd!
—What do I say? My half-recover'd Sense
Forgets the Vow in which my Soul is bound.
Destruction stands betwixt us! We must part.

Por. Name not the Word, my frighted Thoughts run
back,

And startle into Madness at the Sound.

Luc. What wouldst thou have me do? Consider well
The Train of Ills our Love wou'd draw behind it.
Think, *Portius*, think thou seest thy dying Brother
Stabb'd at his Heart, and all besmear'd with Blood,
Storming at Heav'n and thee! Thy awful Sire
Sternly demands the Cause, th' accursed Cause,
That robs him of his Son! poor *Marcia* trembles,
Then tears her Hair, and frantick in her Griefs
Calls out on *Lucia*! what could *Lucia* answer,
Or how stand up in such a Scene of Sorrow?

Por. To my Confusion, and eternal Grief,
I must approve the Sentence that destroys me,
The Mist, that hung about my Mind, clears up;
And now, athwart the Terrors that thy Vow
Has planted round thee, thou appear'st more fair,
More amiable, and risest in thy Charms.

Lovely'st of Women! Heav'n is in thy Soul,
Beauty and Virtue shine for ever round thee,
Bright'ning each other! Thou art all Divine!

Luc. *Portius*, no more! thy Words shoot thro' my
Heart,

Melt my Resolves, and turn me all to Love.
Why are those Tears of Fondness in thy Eyes?
Why heaves thy Heart? why swells thy Soul with Sorrow?
It softens me too much—Farewel, my *Portius*,
Farewel, tho' Death is in the Word; For-ever!

Por. Stay, *Lucia*, stay! What dost thou say? For-ever?

Luc. Have I not sworn? If, *Portius*, thy Success
Must

Must throw thy Brother on his Fate, Farewel,
Oh, how shall I repeat the Word! For-ever!

Por. Thus o'er the dying Lamp th' unsteady Flame
Hangs quiv'ring on a Point, leaps off by Fits,
And falls again, as loth to quit its hold:
—Thou must not go, my Soul still hovers o'er thee,
And can't get loose.

Luc. If the firm *Portius* shake
To hear of Parting, think what *Lucia* suffers!

Por. 'Tis true; unruffled and serene I've met
The common Accidents of Life, but here
Such an unlook'd-for Storm of Ills fall on me,
It beats down all my Strength. I cannot bear it.
We must not part.

Luc. What dost thou say? Not part?
Hast thou forgot the Vow that I have made?
Are there not Heav'ns, and Gods, and Thunder, o'er us?
—But see, thy Brother *Marcus* bends this Way!
I sicken at the Sight. Once more, Farewel,
Farewel, and know thou wrong'st me, If thou think'st
Ever was Love, or ever Grief, like mine. [Exit.]



S C E N E III.

MARCUS, PORTIUS.

Marcus.

P*ortius*, what Hopes? how stands She? Am I doom'd
To Life or Death

Por. What would'st thou have me say?

Marc. What means this pensive Posture? thou appear'st
Like one amazed and terrified.

Por. I've Reason.

Marc. Thy down-cast Looks, and thy disorder'd
Thoughts

Tell me my Fate. I ask not the Success
My Cause has found.

Por. I'm griev'd I undertook it.

Marc.

Marc. What? does the barbarous Maid insult my Heart,

My aking Heart, and triumph in my Pains?
'That I cou'd cast her from my Thoughts for ever!

Por. Away! you're too suspicious in your Griefs;
Lucia, though sworn never to think of Love,
Compassionates your Pains, and pities you!

Marc. Compassionates my Pains, and pities me!
What is Compassion when 'tis void of Love!
Fool that I was to choose so cold a Friend
To urge my Cause! Compassionates my Pains!
Pr'ythee what Art, what Rhet'rick didst thou use
To gain this mighty Boon? She Pities me!
To one that asks the warm Returns of Love,
Compassion's Cruelty, 'tis Scorn, 'tis Death—

Por. *Marcus*, no more! have I deserved this Treatment?

Marc. What have I said! O *Portius*, O forgive me!
A Soul exasp'rated in Ills falls out
With ev'ry Thing, its Friend, itself—But hah!
What means that Shout, big with the Sounds of War?
What new Alarm?

Por. A second, louder yet,
Swells in the Winds, and comes more full upon us.

Marc. Oh, for some glorious Cause to fall in Battle!
Lucia, thou hast undone me! thy Disdain
Has broke my Heart: 'tis Death must give me Ease.

Por. Quick, let us hence; who knows if *Cato's* Life
Stand sure? O *Marcus*, I am warm'd, my Heart
Leaps at the Trumpet's Voice, and burns for Glory.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.

Enter SEMPRONIUS with the Leaders of the
Mutiny.

Sempronius.

AT length the Winds are rais'd, the Storm blows
high,
Be it your Care, my Friends, to keep it up

G

IN

In its full Fury, and direct it right,
Till it has spent itself on *Cato's* Head.
Mean-while I'll herd among his Friends, and seem
One of the Number, that whate'er arrive,
My Friends, and Fellow-Soldiers may be safe. [*Exit.*

I Lead. We all are safe, *Sempronius* is our Friend,
Sempronius is as brave a Man as *Cato*.

But hark ! he enters. Bear up boldly to him ;
Be sure you beat him down, and bind him fast,
This Day will end our Toils, and give us Rest !
Fear nothing, for *Sempronius* is our Friend.



S C E N E V.

Enter CATO, SEMPRONIUS, LUCIUS,
PORTIUS, and MARCUS.

Cato.

WHERE are these bold intrepid Sons of War,
That greatly turn their Backs upon the Foe,
And to their General send a brave Defiance !

Semp. Curse on their Dastard Souls, they stand astonish'd ! [*Aside.*

Cato. Perfidious Men ! and will you thus dishonour
Your past Exploits, and sully all your Wars ?
Do you confess 'twas not a Zeal for *Rome*,
Nor Love of Liberty, nor Thirst of Honour,
Drew you thus far ; but Hopes to share the Spoil
Of conquer'd Towns, and plunder'd Provinces ?
Fired with such Motives you do well to join
With *Cato's* Foes, and follow *Cæsar's* Banners.
Why did I 'scape th' envenom'd Aspic's Rage,
And all the fiery Monsters of the Desert,
To see this Day ? Why cou'd not *Cato* fall
Without your Guilt ? Behold, ungrateful Men,
Behold my Bosom naked to your Swords,
And let the Man that's injur'd strike the Blow.
Which of you all suspects that he is wrong'd,
Or thinks he suffers greater Ills than *Cato* ?

Am

Am I distinguish'd from you but by Toils,
Superior Toils, and heavier Weight of Cares?
Painful Preeminence!

Semp. By Heav'ns they droop!
Confusion to the Villains! All is lost. [*Aside.*

Cato. Have you forgotten *Libya's* burning Waste,
Its barren Rocks, parch'd Earth, and Hills of Sand,
Its tainted Air, and all its Broods of Poison?
Who was the first to explore th' untrodden Path,
When Life was hazarded in ev'ry Step?
Or, fainting in the long laborious March,
When on the Banks of an unlook'd-for Stream
You sunk the River with repeated Draughts,
Who was the last in all your Host that thirsted?

Semp. If some penurious Source by chance appear'd,
Scanty of Waters, when you scoop'd it dry,
And offer'd the full Helmet up to *Cato*?
Did he not dash th' untasted Moisture from him?
Did not he lead you through the Mid-day Sun,
And Clouds of Dust? Did not his Temples glow
In the same sultry Winds, and scorching Heats?

Cato. Hence, worthless Men! Hence! and complain
to *Cæsar*,

You could not undergo the Toils of War,
Nor bear the Hardships that your Leader bore.

Luc. See, *Cato*, see th' unhappy Men! they weep!
Fear, and Remorse, and Sorrow for their Crime,
Appear in ev'ry Look, and plead for Mercy.

Cato. Learn to be honest Men, give up your Leaders,
And Pardon shall descend on all the rest.

Semp. *Cato*, commit these Wretches to my Care.
First let 'em each be broken on the Rack,
Then, with what Life remains, impaled and left
To writhe at Leisure round the bloody Stake.
There let 'em hang, and taint the Southern Wind.
The Partners of their Crime will learn Obedience,
When they look up and see their Fellow-Traitors
Stuck on a Fork, and black'ning in the Sun.

Luc. *Sempronius*, why, why wilt thou urge the Fate
Of wretched Men?

Semp. How? would'st thou clear Rebellion!

Lucius (good Man) pities the poor Offenders
That wou'd imbrue their Hands in *Cato's* Blood.

Cato. Forbear, *Sempronius*!—See they suffer Death,
But in their Deaths remember they are Men.

Strain not the Laws to make their Tortures grievous.

Lucius, the base degen'rate Age requires

Severity, and Justice in its rigour ;

This awes an impious, bold, offending World,

Commands Obedience, and gives Force to Laws,

When by just Vengeance guilty Mortals perish,

The Gods behold their Punishment with Pleasure,

And lay th' up-listed Thunder-bolt aside.

Semp. Cato, I execute thy Will with Pleasure.

Cato Mean-while we'll sacrifice to Liberty.

Remember, O my Friends, the Laws, the Rights,

The gen'rous Plan of Power deliver'd down,

From Age to Age, by your renown'd Forefathers,

(So dearly bought, the Price of so much Blood)

O let it never perish in your Hands !

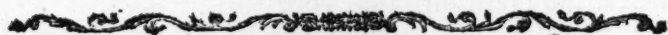
But piously transmit it to your Children.

Do thou, great Liberty, inspire our Souls,

And make our Lives in thy Possession happy,

Or our Deaths glorious in thy just Defence.

[*Exeunt Cato, &c.*]



S C E N E VI.

SEMPRONIUS *and the Leaders of the Mutiny.*

1 *Leader.*

S *Empronius*, you have acted like yourself :

One wou'd have thought you had been half in Earnest.

Semp. Villain, stand off ; base, grov'ling, worthless Wretches,

Mongrels in Faction, poor faint-hearted Traitors !

2 *Lead.* Nay, now you carry it too far, *Sempronius* :

Throw off the Mask, there are none here but Friends.

Semp. Know, Villains, when such paltry Slaves presume
To

To mix in Treason, if the Plot succeeds,
 They're thrown neglected by : But if it fails,
 They're sure to die like Dogs, as you shall do.
 Here, take these factious Monsters, drag 'em forth
 To sudden Death.

Enter Guards.

1 Lead. Nay, since it comes to this——
Semp. Dispatch 'em quick, but first pluck out their
 Tongues,
 Lest with their dying Breath they sow Sedition.

[Exeunt Guards with the Leaders.]



S C E N E VII.

SYPHAX and SEMPRONIUS.

Syphax.

OUR first Design, my Friend, has prov'd abortive,
 Still there remains an After-game to play ;
 My Troops are mounted ; their *Numidian Steeds*
 Snuff up the Wind, and long to scour the Defart :
 Let but *Sempronius* head us in our Flight,
 We'll force the Gate where *Marcus* keeps his Guard,
 And hew down all that would oppose our Passage :
 A Day will bring us into *Cæsar's* Camp.

Semp. Confusion ! I have fail'd of half my Purpose :
Marcia, the charming *Marcia's* left behind !

Syph. How ! will *Sempronius* turn a Woman's Slave ?

Semp. Think not thy Friend can ever feel the soft
 Unmanly Warmth and Tendernefs of Love :
Syphax, I long to clasp that haughty Maid,
 And bend her stubborn Virtue to my Passion :
 When I have gone thus far, I'd cast her off.
Syph. Well said ! that's spoken like thyself, *Sempronius* :
 What hinders then, but that thou find her out,
 And hurry her away by manly Force ?

Semp. But how to gain Admission ? For Access
 Is given to none but *Juba*, and her Brothers.

Syph.

Syph. Thou shalt have *Juba's* Dress, and *Juba's* Guards:
The Doors will open, when *Numidia's* Prince
Seems to appear before the Slaves, that watch them.

Semp. Heav'ns! what a Thought is there? *Marcia's*.
my own:

How will my Bosom swell with anxious Joy,
When I behold her struggling in my Arms,
With glowing Beauty, and disorder'd Charms;
While Fear and Anger, with alternate Grace,
Pant in her Breast, and vary in her Face!
So *Pluto* seiz'd of *Proserpine*, convey'd
To Hell's tremendous Gloom th' affrighted Maid;
There grimly smil'd, pleas'd with the beauteous Prize,
Nor envy'd *Jove* his Sun-shine and his Skies.

The End of the Third Act.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

LUCIA and MARCIA.

Lucia.

NOW tell me, *Marcia*, tell me from thy Soul,
If thou believ'st 'tis possible for Woman
To suffer greater Ills than *Lucia* suffers?

Marc. O *Lucia*, *Lucia*, might my big-swoln Heart
Vent all its Griefs, and give a Loose to Sorrow;
Marcia cou'd answer thee in Sighs, keep Pace
With all thy Woes, and count out Tear for Tear.

Luc. I know thou'rt doom'd alike, to be belov'd
By *Juba*, and thy Father's Friend *Sempronius*:
But which of these has Power to charm like *Portius*!

Marc. Still I must beg thee not to name *Sempronius*!
Lucia, I like not that loud boist'rous Man;
Juba, to all the Brav'ry of a Hero,
Adds softest Love, and more than female Sweetness;
Juba might make the proudest of our Sex,
Any of Woman-kind, but *Marcia*, happy.

Luc.

Luc. And why not *Marcia*? Come, you strive in vain
To hide your Thoughts from one, who knows too well
The inward Glowings of a Heart in Love.

Marc. While *Cato* lives, his Daughter has no Right
To love or hate, but as his Choice directs.

Luc. But shou'd this Father give you to *Sempronius*!

Marc. I dare not think he will: But if he shou'd——
Why wilt thou add to all the Grievs I suffer,
Imaginary Ills, and fancy'd Tortures?
I hear the Sound of Feet! they march this Way!
Let us retire, and try if we can drown
Each softer Thought in Sense of present Danger,
When Love once pleads Admission to our Hearts
(In Spite of all the Virtue we can boast)
The Woman that deliberates is lost. [Exeunt.



S C E N E II.

Enter SEMPRONIUS dress'd like JUBA, with
Numidian Guards.

Sempronius.

THE Deer is lodg'd, I've track'd her to her Covert,
Be sure you mind the Word, and when I give it,
Rush in at once, and seize upon your Prey:
Let not her Cries or Tears have Force to move you,
—How will the young *Numidian* rave to see
His Mistress lost? If ought cou'd glad my Soul
Beyond th' Enjoyment of so bright a Prize,
'Twou'd be to torture that young gay *Barbarian*.
—But hark, what Noise! Death to my Hopes! 'tis he;
'Tis *Juba's* self! There is but one Way left——
He must be murder'd, and a Passage cut
Thro' those his Guards—Hah, Dastards, do you tremble?
Or act like Men, or by yon azure Heav'n——

Enter Juba.

Jub. What do I see? Who's this that dares usurp
The Guards and Habit of *Numidia's* Prince?

Semp.

Semp. One that was born to scourge thy Arrogance,
Presumptuous Youth !

Jub. What can this mean ? *Sempronius !*

Semp. My Sword shall answer thee : Have at thy Heart.

Jub. Nay then, beware thy own, proud barbarous
Man. [*Semp. falls. His Guards surrender.*

Semp. Curse on my Stars ! Am I then doom'd to fall
By a Boy's Hand, disfigur'd in a vile
Numidian Dress, and for a worthless Woman ?

Gods, I'm distracted ! This my Close of Life !
O for a Peal of Thunder, that wou'd make
Earth, Sea, and Air, and Heav'n and *Cato* tremble ! [*Dies.*

Jub. With what a Spring his furious Soul broke loose,
And left the Limbs still quiv'ring on the Ground !
Hence let us carry off those Slaves to *Cato*,
That we may there at length unravel all
This dark Design, this Mystery of Fate.

[*Exit Juba with Prisoners, &c.*



S C E N E III.

Enter LUCIA and MARCIA.

Lucia.

SURE 'twas the Clash of Swords ; my troubled
Heart

Is so cast down, and sunk amidst its Sorrows :

It throbs with Fear, and akes at ev'ry Sound.

O *Marcia*, shou'd thy Brothers for my Sake ! —

I die away with Horror at the Thought.

Marc. See, *Lucia*, see ! here's Blood ! here's Blood
and Murder !

Hah ! a *Numidian* ! Heav'ns preserve the Prince ;

The Face lies muffled up within the Garment,

But hah ! Death to my Sight ! a Diadem,

And Purple Robes ! O Gods ! 'tis he, 'tis he !

Juba, the loveliest Youth that ever warm'd

A Virgin's Heart, *Juba* lies dead before us !

Luc.

Luc. Now, *Murcia*, now call up to thy Assistance
Thy wonted Strength, and Constancy of Mind ;
Thou can'st not put it to a greater Trial.

Marc. *Lucia*, look there, and wonder at my Patience,
Have I not Cause to rave, and beat my Breast,
To rend my Heart with Grief, and run distracted !

Luc. What can I think or say to give thee Comfort ?

Marc. Talk not of Comfort, 'tis for lighter Ills :
Behold a Sight, that strikes all Comfort dead.

Enter Juba listening.

I will indulge my Sorrows, and give way
To all the Pangs and Fury of Despair,
That Man, that best of Men, deserv'd it from me.

Jub. What do I hear ? and was the false *Sempronius*
That best of Men ? O had I fall'n like him,
And cou'd have thus been mourn'd, I had been happy.

Luc. Here will I stand, Companion in thy Woes,
And help thee with my Tears, when I behold
A Loss like thine, I half forget my own.

Marc. 'Tis not in Fate to ease my tortur'd Breast,
This empty World, to me a joyless Desart,
Has nothing left to make poor *Marcia* happy.

Jub. I'm on the Rack ! Was he so near her Heart ?

Marc. O he was all made up of Love and Charms !
Whatever Maid cou'd wish, or Man admire :
Delight of ev'ry Eye ! when he appear'd,
A secret Pleasure gladden'd all that saw him ;
But when he talk'd, the proudest *Roman* blush'd
To hear his Virtues, and old Age grew wise.

Jub. I shall run Mad——

Marc. O *Juba* ! *Juba* ! *Juba* !

Jub. What means that Voice ? Did she not call on
Juba ?

Marc. Why do I think on what he was ! he's dead !
He's dead, and never knew how much I lov'd him :
Lucia, who knows but his poor bleeding Heart,
Amid'st its Agonies, remember'd *Marcia*,
And the last Words he utter'd call'd me Cruel !
Alas, he knew not, hapless Youth, he knew not
Marcia's whole Soul was full of Love and *Juba* !

H

Jub.

Jub. Where am I? Do I live? Or am indeed
What *Marcia* thinks! All is *Elysium* round me!

Marc. Ye dear Remains of the most lov'd of Men!
Nor Modesty nor Virtue here forbid
A last Embrace, while thus——

Jub. See, *Marcia*, see, [*Throwing himself before her.*]
The happy *Juba* lives! he lives to catch
That dear Embrace, and to return it too
With mutual Warmth and Eagerness of Love.

Marc. With Pleasure and Amaze, I stand transported!
Sure 'tis a Dream! Dead and Alive at once!
If thou art *Juba*, who lies there?

Jub. A Wretch,
Disguis'd like *Juba* on a curs'd Design.
The Tale is long, nor have I heard it out,
Thy Father knows it all. I could not bear
To leave thee in the Neighbourhood of Death,
But flew, in all the Haste of Love to find thee;
I found thee weeping, and confess this once,
Am wrapp'd with Joy to see my *Marcia*'s Tears.

Marc. I've been surpris'd in an unguarded Hour,
But must not now go back: The Love that lay
Half smother'd in my Breast, has broke through all
Its weak Restraints, and burns in its full Lustre,
I cannot, if I wou'd, conceal it from thee.

Jub. I'm lost in Ecstasy! And dost thou love,
Thou charming Maid?

Marc. And dost thou live to ask it?

Jub. This, this is Life indeed! Life worth preserving,
Such Life as *Juba* never felt 'till now!

Marc. Believe me, Prince, before I thought thee dead,
I did not know myself how much I lov'd thee.

Jub. O fortunate Mistake!

Marc. O happy *Marcia*!

Jub. My Joy! my best Beloved! my only Wish!
How shall I speak the Transport of my Soul!

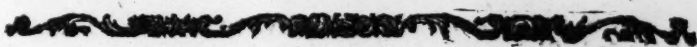
Marc. *Lucia*, thy Arm! Oh let me rest upon it!——
The Vital Blood, that had forsook my Heart,
Returns again in such tumultuous Tides,
It quite o'ercomes me. Lead me to my Apartment.—
O Prince, I blush to think what I have said,

But

But Fate has wrested the Confession from me;
Go on, and prosper in the Paths of Honour.
Thy Virtue will excuse my Passion for thee,
And make the Gods propitious to our Love.

[*Ex. Marc. and Luc.*]

Jub. I am so blest, I fear 'tis all a Dream.
Fortune, thou now hast made amends for all
Thy past Unkindness, I absolve my Stars.
What tho' *Numidia* add her conquer'd Towns
And Provinces to swell the Victor's Triumph!
Juba will never at his Fate repine;
Let *Cæsar* have the World, if *Marcia's* mine. [*Exit.*]



S C E N E IV.

A March at a Distance.

Enter CATO and LUCIUS.

Lucius.

I Stand astonish'd! What, the bold *Sempronius*!
That still broke foremost thro' the Croud of Patriots,
As with a Hurricane of Zeal transported,
And virtuous ev'n to Madness——

Cato. Trust me, *Lucius*,
Our Civil Discords have produced such Crimes,
Such monstrous Crimes, I am surpris'd at nothing.
—O *Lucius*, I am sick of this bad World!
The Day-light and the Sun grow painful to me.

Enter Portius.

But see where *Portius* comes! what means this Haste?
Why are thy Looks thus chang'd?

Por. My Heart is griev'd,
I bring such News as will afflict my Father.

Cato. Has *Cæsar* shed more *Roman* Blood?

Por. Not so.

The Traitor *Syphax*, as within the Square
He exercised his Troops, the Signal given,
Flew off at once with his *Numidian* Horse

To the South Gate, where *Marcus* holds the Watch.
 I saw, and call'd to stop him but in vain,
 He tost his Arm aloft, and proudly told me,
 He would not stay and perish like *Sempronius*.

Cato. Perfidious Men! but haste, my Son, and see
 Thy Brother *Marcus* acts a *Roman's* Part. [*Exit. Portius.*
 —*Lucius*, the Torrent bears too hard upon me :
 Justice gives way to Force : the conquer'd World
 Is *Cæsar's* : *Cato* has no Business in it..

Luc. While Pride, Oppression, and Injustice reign,
 The World will still demand her *Cato's* Presence.
 In Pity to Mankind, submit to *Cæsar*,
 And reconcile thy mighty Soul to Life.

Cato. Would *Lucius* have me live to swell the Number
 Of *Cæsar's* Slaves, or by a base Submission
 Give up the Cause of *Rome*, and own a Tyrant ?

Luc. The Victor never will impose on *Cato*
 Ungen'rous Terms. His Enemies confess
 The Virtues of Humanity are *Cæsar's*.

Cato. Curse on his Virtues ! They've undone his
 Country.

Such Popular Humanity is Treason——
 But see young *Juba* ! the good Youth appears
 Full of the Guilt of his perfidious Subjects.

Luc. Alas, poor Prince ! his Fate deserves Compassion.

Enter Juba.

Juba. I blush, and am confounded to appear
 Before thy Presence, *Cato*.

Cato. What's thy Crime ?

Jub. I'm a *Numidian*.

Cato. And a brave one too.
 Thou hast a *Roman* Soul.

Jub. Hast thou not heard
 Of my false Countrymen ?

Cato. Alas, Young Prince,
 Falshood and Fraud shoot up in ev'ry Soil,
 The Product of all Climes—*Rome* has its *Cæsars*.

Jub. 'Tis generous thus to comfort the Distress'd.

Cato. 'Tis just to give Applause where 'tis deserv'd :
 Thy Virtue, Prince, has stood the Test of Fortune,
 Like purell Gold, that, tortur'd in the Furnace,

Comes

Comes out more bright, and brings forth all its Weight.

Jub. What shall I answer thee? my ravish'd Heart
O'erflows with secret Joy: I'd rather gain
Thy Praise, O *Cato*, than *Numidia's* Empire.

Re-enter Portius.

Por. Misfortune on Misfortune! Grief on Grief!
My Brother *Marcus*——

Cato. Hah! what has he done?
Has he forsook his Post? has he giv'n Way?
Did he look tamely on, and let 'em pass?

Por. Scarce had I left my Father, but I met him
Born on the Shields of his surviving Soldiers,
Breathless and pale, and cover'd o'er with Wounds.
Long, at the Head of his few faithful Friends,
He stood the Shock of a whole Host of Foes,
'Till obstinately brave, and bent on Death,
Opprest with Multitudes he greatly fell.

Cato. I'm satisfy'd.

Por. Nor did he fall before
His Sword had pierc'd through the false Heart of *Syphax*.
Yonder he lies. I saw the hoary Traitor
Grin in the Pangs of Death, and bite the Ground.

Cato. Thanks to the Gods! my Boy has done his Duty.
——*Portius*, when I am dead, be sure thou place
His Urn near mine.

Por. Long may they keep asunder!

Luc. O *Cato*, arm thy Soul with all its Patience;
See where the Corps of thy dead Son approaches!
The Citizens and Senators, alarm'd,
Have gather'd round it, and attend it weeping.

Cato meeting the Corps.

Cato. Welcome, my Son! Here lay him down, my
Friends,
Full in my Sight, that I may view at leisure
The bloody Corse, and count those glorious Wounds.
—How beautiful is Death, when earn'd by Virtue!
Who would not be that Youth? What Pity is it
That we can die but once to serve our Country!
—Why fits this sadness on your Brows, my Friends?
I shou'd have blush'd if *Cato's* House had stood
Secure, and flourish'd in a Civil War,

——*Portius*,

—*Portius*, behold thy Brother, and remember
Thy Life is not thy own, when *Rome* demands it.

Jub. Was ever Man like this !

[*Aside.*

Cato. Alas, my Friends !

Why mourn you thus ? Let not a private Loss
Afflict your Hearts. 'Tis *Rome* requires our Tears.
The Mistress of the World, the Seat of Empire,
The Nurse of Heroes, the Delight of Gods,
That humbled the proud Tyrants of the Earth,
And set the Nations free, *Rome* is no more.
O Liberty ! O Virtue ! O my Country !

Jub. Behold that upright Man ! *Rome* fills his Eyes
With Tears, that flow'd not o'er his own dead Son. [*Aside.*

Cato. Whate'er the *Roman* Virtue has subdu'd.
The Sun's whole Course, the Day and Year, are *Cæsar's*.
For him the self-devoted *Decii* dy'd,
The *Fabii* fell, and the great *Scipio's* conquer'd :
Ev'n *Pompey* fought for *Cæsar*. Oh my Friends !
How is the Toil of Fate, the Work of Ages,
The *Roman* Empire fall'n ! O curst Ambition !
Fall'n into *Cæsar's* Hands ! Our great Fore-fathers
Had left him nought to Conquer but his Country.

Jub. While *Cato* lives, *Cæsar* will blush to see
Mankind enslaved, and be ashamed of Empire.

Cato. *Cæsar* ashamed ! Has not he seen *Pharsalia* !

Luc. *Cato*, 'tis Time thou save thyself and us.

Cato. Lose not a Thought on me, I'm out of Danger.
Heav'n will not leave me in the Victor's Hand.

Cæsar shall never say I conquer'd *Cato*.

But oh my Friends, your Safety fills my Heart
With anxious Thoughts : a thousand secret Terrors
Rise in my Soul : How shall I save my Friends !

'Tis now, O *Cæsar*, I begin to fear thee.

Luc. *Cæsar* has Mercy, if we ask it of him.

Cato. Then ask it, I conjure you ! let him know
Whate'er was done against him, *Cato* did it.

Add, if you please, that I request it of him,
That I myself, with Tears, request it of him,
The Virtue of my Friends may pass unpunish'd.

Juba, my Heart is troubled for thy sake.

Shou'd I advise thee to regain *Numidia*,

Or

Or seek the Conqueror? —

Jub. If I forsake thee

Whilst I have Life, may Heav'n abandon *Juba*!

Cato. Thy Virtues, Prince, if I foresee aright,
Will one Day make thee Great; at *Rome* hereafter,
'Twill be no Crime to have been *Cato's* Friend,
Portius, draw near! My Son! thou oft' hast seen
Thy Sire engaged in a corrupted State,
Wrestling with Vice and Faction: Now thou see'st me
Spent, overpow'r'd, despairing of Success;
Let me advise thee to retreat betimes
To thy Paternal Seat, the *Sabine* Field,
Where the great *Censor* toil'd with his own Hands,
And all our frugal Ancestors were blest'd
In humble Virtues, and a Rural Life.
There live retired, pray for the Peace of *Rome*.
Content thyself to be Obscurely good.
When Vice prevails, and impious Men bear Sway,
The Post of Honour is a private Station.

Por. I hope, my Father does not recommend
A Life to *Portius*, that he scorns himself.

Cato. Farewel, my Friends! if there be any of you
Who dare not trust the Victor's Clemency,
Know there are Ships prepared by my Command,
(Their Sails already op'ning to the Winds)
That shall convey you to the wisht-for Port.
Is there aught else, my Friends, I can do for you?
The Conqueror draws near. Once more Farewel!
If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet
In happier Climes, and on a safer Shore,
Where *Cæsar* never shall approach us more.

[Pointing to his dead Son.]

There the brave Youth, with Love of Virtue fired,
Who greatly in his Country's Cause expired,
Shall know he Conquer'd. The firm Patriot there
(Who made the Welfare of Mankind his Care)
Tho' still, by Faction, Vice, and Fortune crost,
Shall find the gen'rous Labour was not lost.

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT



ACT V. SCENE I.

C A T O solus, *sitting in a thoughtful Posture : In his Hand Plato's Book on the Immortality of the Soul : A drawn Sword on the Table by him.*

IT must be so——*Plato*, thou reason'st well——
 Else whence this pleasing Hope, this fond Desire,
 This longing after Immortality ?
 Or whence this secret Dread, and inward Horror,
 Of falling into Nought ? Why shrinks the Soul
 Back on herself, and startles at Destruction ?
 'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us ;
 'Tis Heav'n itself, that points out an Hereafter,
 And intimates Eternity to Man.
 Eternity ! thou pleasing, dreadful Thought !
 Through what Variety of untry'd Being,
 Through what new Scenes and Changes must we pass !
 The wide, th' unbounded Prospect lies before me ;
 But Shadows, Clouds, and Darkneſs rest upon it :
 Here will I hold. If there's a Pow'r above us,
 (And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
 Through all her Works) He must delight in Virtue ;
 And that which he delights in, must be happy.
 But when ! or where !—This World was made for *Cæſar*.
 I'm weary of Conjectures——This must end 'em.

[Laying his Hand on his Sword.]

Thus am I doubly arm'd : My Death and Life,
 My Bane and Antidote are both before me :
 This in a Moment brings me to an End ;
 But this informs me I shall never die.
 The Soul, secur'd in her Existence, smiles
 At the drawn Dagger, and defies its Point :
 The Stars shall fade away, the Sun himself
 Grow dim with Age, and Nature sink in Years,
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal Youth.
 Unhurt amidst the War of Elements,

The

The Wrecks of Matter, and the Crush of Worlds.

What means this Heaviness that hangs upon me ?
This Lethargy that creeps thro' all my Senses ?
Nature oppress'd, and harass'd out with Care,
Sinks down to Rest. This once I'll favour her :
That my awaken'd Soul may take her Flight,
Renew'd in all her Strength, and fresh with Life,
An Off'ring fit for Heav'n. Let Guilt or Fear
Disturb Man's Rest : *Cato* knows neither of 'em,
Indiff'rent in his Choice to sleep or die.



S C E N E II.

C A T O, P O R T I U S.

Cato.

BUT hah ! how's this, my Son ? why this Intrusion ?
Were not my Orders that I wou'd be private ?
Why am I disobey'd ?

Por. Alas, my Father !

What means this Sword ? this Instrument of Death ?
Let me convey it hence !

Cato. Rash Youth, forbear !

Por. O let the Pray'rs, th' Intreaties of your Friends,
Their Tears, their common Danger, wrest it from you.

Cato. Wou'dst thou betray me ? Wou'dst thou give
me up

A Slave, a Captive, into *Cæsar's* Hands ?
Retire, and learn Obedience to a Father,
Or know, young Man ! ———

Por. Look not thus sternly on me ;
You know I'd rather die than disobey you.

Cato. 'Tis well ! again I'm Master of myself :
Now, *Cæsar*, let thy Troops beset our Gates,
And bar each Avenue, thy gath'ring Fleets
Oe'erspread the Sea, and stop up ev'ry Port :
Cato shall open to himself a Passage,
And mock thy Hopes ———

Por. O Sir, forgive your Son,

I

Whose

Whose Grief hangs heavy on him ! O my Father !
 How am I sure it is not the last Time
 I e'er shall call you so ! Be not displeas'd,
 O be not angry with me whilst I weep,
 And, in the Anguish of my Heart, beseech you
 To quit the dreadful Purpose of your Soul !

Cato. Thou hast been ever good and dutiful.

[*Embracing him.*]

Weep not, my Son, all will be well again,
 The righteous Gods, whom I have sought to please,
 Will succour *Cato*, and preserve his Children.

Por. Your Words give Comfort to my drooping Heart.

Cato. *Portius*, thou may'st rely upon my Conduct ;
 Thy Father will not act what misbecomes him :
 But go, my Son, and see if aught be wanting
 Among thy Father's Friends ; see them embark'd,
 And tell me if the Winds and Seas befriend them ;
 My Soul is quite weigh'd down with Care, and asks
 The soft Refreshment of a Moment's Sleep. [Exit.]

Por. My Thoughts are more at Ease, my Heart revives.



S C E N E III.

P O R T I U S and M A R C I A.

Portius.

O *Marcia*, O my Sister, still there's Hope !
 Our Father will not cast away a Life,
 So needful to us all, and to his Country :
 He is retir'd to Rest, and seems to cherish
 Thoughts full of Peace. He has dispatch'd me hence
 With Orders, that bespeak a Mind compos'd,
 And studious for the Safety of his Friends.

Marcia, take Care that none disturb his Slumbers. [Exit.]

Marc. O ye immortal Powers, that guard the Just,
 Watch round his Couch, and soften his Repose,
 Banish his Sorrows, and becalm his Soul
 With easy Dreams ; remember all his Virtues ;
 And shew Mankind that Goodness is your Care.

S C E N E



S C E N E IV.

L U C I A and M A R C I A.

Lucia.

WHere is your Father, *Marcia*, where is *Cato*?
Marc. *Lucia*, speak low, he is retired to Rest.

Lucia, I feel a gentle dawning Hope
 Rise in my Soul. We shall be happy still.

Luc. Alas, I tremble when I think on *Cato*,
 In every View, in every Thought I tremble!
Cato is stern, and awful as a God,
 He knows not how to wink at human Frailty,
 Or pardon Weakness, that he never felt.

Marc. Though stern and awful to the Foes of *Rome*,
 He is all Goodness, *Lucia*, always mild,
 Compassionate and gentle to his Friends,
 Fill'd with Domestick Tenderness, the best,
 The kindest Father! I have ever found him
 Easy, and good, and bounteous to my Wishes.

Luc. 'Tis his Consent alone can make us blest'd.
Marcia, we both are equally involv'd
 In the same intricate, perplex'd, Distress.
 The cruel Hand of Fate, that has destroy'd
 Thy Brother *Marcus*, whom we both lament—

Marc. And ever shall lament, unhappy Youth!

Luc. Has set my Soul at large, and now I stand
 Loose of my Vow. But who knows *Cato's* Thoughts?
 Who knows how yet he may dispose of *Portius*,
 Or how he has determin'd of thyself?

Marc. Let him but live! commit the rest to Heav'n.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sweet are the Slumbers of the virtuous Man!
 O *Marcia*, I have seen thy Godlike Father:
 Some Pow'r invisible supports his Soul,
 And bears it up in all its wonted Greatness.
 A kind refreshing Sleep is fall'n upon him:

I 2

I saw

I saw him stretcht at Ease, his Fancy lost
In pleasing Dreams ; as I drew near his Couch,
He smiled, and cry'd, *Cæsar* thou can'st not hurt me.

Marc. His Mind still labours with some dreadful
Thought.

Luc. *Lucia*, why all this Grief, these Floods of
Sorrow ?

Dry up thy Tears, my Child, we all are safe
While *Cato* lives—His Presence will protect us.

Enter Juba.

Jub. *Lucius*, the Horsemen are return'd from viewing
The Number, Strength, and Posture of our Foes,
Who now encamp within a short Hour's March.
On the high Point of yon bright Western Tower
We ken them from afar, the setting Sun
Plays on their shining Arms and burning Helmets,
And covers all the Field with Gleams of Fire.

Luc. Marcia, 'tis time we should awake thy Father.
Cæsar is still disposed to give us Terms,
And waits at Distance 'till he hears from *Cato*.

Enter Portius.

Portius, thy Look speak somewhat of Importance.
What Tidings dost thou bring ? methinks I see
Unusual Gladness sparkling in thy Eyes.

Por. As I was hastening to the Port, where now
My Father's Friends, impatient for a Passage,
Accuse the ling'ring Winds, a Sail arrived
From *Pompey's* Son, who through the Realms of *Spain*
Calls out for Vengeance on his Father's Death,
And rouses the whole Nation up to Arms.
Were *Cato* at their Head, once more might *Rome*
Assert her Rights, and claim her Liberty.
But hark ! What means that Groan ! O give me way,
And let me fly into my Father's Presence. *[Exit.]*

Luc. *Cato*, amidst his Stumbers thinks on *Rome*,
And in the wild Disorder of his Soul
Mourns o'er his Country ; Hah ! a second Groan—
Heav'n Guard us all—

Marc. Alas, 'tis not the Voice

Of one who sleeps! 'tis agonizing Pain,
'Tis Death is in that Sound.—

Re-enter Portius.

Por. O Sight of Woe!
O *Marcia*, what we fear'd is come to pass!
Cato is fall'n upon his Sword——

Luc. O *Portius*,
Hide all the Horrors of thy mournful Tale,
And let us guess the rest.

Por. I've rais'd him up,
And plac'd him in his Chair, where pale, and faint,
He gasps for Breath, and, as his Life flows from him,
Demands to see his Friends. His Servants weeping,
Obsequious to his Orders, bear him hither.

[The back Scene opens, and discovers Cato.]

Marc. O Heav'n assist me in this dreadful Hour
To pay the last sad Duties to my Father.

Jub. These are thy Triumphs, thy Exploits, O *Cæsar*!

Luc. Now is *Rome* fall'n indeed!——

[Cato brought forward in his Chair.]

Cato. Here set me down——

Portius, come near me—are my Friends embark'd?
Can any thing be thought of for their Service?
Whilst I yet live, let me not live in vain.

—O *Lucius*, art thou here?—Thou art too good—

Let this our Friendship live between our Children,
Make *Portius* happy in thy Daughter *Lucia*.

Alas poor Man, he weeps!—*Marcia*, my Daughter—

O bend me forward!—*Juba* loves thee, *Marcia*.

A Senator of *Rome*, while *Rome* survived,

Wou'd not have match'd his Daughter with a King,
But *Cæsar*'s Arms have thrown down all Distinction,

Whoe'er is Brave and Virtuous, is a *Roman*——

—I'm sick to Death—O when shall I get loose
From this vain World, th' Abode of Guilt and Sorrow!--

—And yet methinks a Beam of Light breaks in
On my departing Soul. Alas, I fear

I've been too hasty. O ye Pow'rs that search
The Heart of Man, and weigh his inmost Thoughts,
If I have done amiss, impute it not——!

The

The best may Err, but you are Good, and—oh!

[Dies.

Luc. There fled the greatest Soul that ever warm'd
A *Roman* Breast; O *Cato*! O my Friend!
Thy Will shall be religiously observ'd.
But let us bear this awful Corps to *Cæsar*,
And lay it in his Sight, that it may stand
A Fence betwixt us and the Victor's Wrath;
Cato, tho' dead, shall still protect his Friends.

From hence, let fierce contending Nations know
What dire Effects from Civil Discord flow.
'Tis this that shakes our Country with Alarms,
And gives up *Rome* a Prey to *Roman* Arms,
Produces Fraud, and Cruelty, and Strife,
And robs the Guilty World of *Cato's* Life.

[Exeunt omnes.



E P I.



EPILOGUE.

By Dr. GARTH.

Spoken by Mrs. PORTER.

WHAT odd fantastick Things we Women do !
Who wou'd not listen when young Lovers woo ? }
But die a Maid, yet have the Choice of Two !
Ladies are often cruel to their Cost ;
To give you Pain, themselves they punish most.
Vows of Virginitie should well be weigh'd ;
Too oft they're cancell'd, tho' in Convents made.
Wou'd you revenge such rash Resolves—you may : }
Be spiteful—and believe the Thing we say,
We hate you when you're easily said Nay.
How needless, if you knew us, were your Fears ?
Let Love have Eyes, and Beauty will have Ears.
Our Hearts are form'd as you yourselves wou'd chuse,
Too proud to ask, too humble to refuse :
We give to Merit, and to Wealth we sell ;
He sighs with most Success that settles well.
The Woes of Wedlock with the Joys we mix ;
'Tis best repenting in a Coach and Six.

Blame not our Conduct, since we but pursue
Those lively Lessons we have learn'd from you :
Your Breasts no more the Fire of Beauty warms,
But wicked Wealth usurps the Pow'r of Charms ;
What Pains to get the gaudy Thing you hate,
To swell in Show, and be a Wretch in State !

At

EPILOGUE.

*At Plays you Ogle, at the Ring you Bow ;
Ew'n Churches are no Sanctuaries now ;
There, Golden Idols all your Vows receive,
She is no Goddess that has nought to give.
Oh, may once more the happy Age appear,
When Words were artless, and the Thoughts sincere ;
When Gold and Grandeur were unenvy'd Things,
And Courts less coveted than Groves and Springs.
Love then shall only mourn when Truth complains,
And Constancy feel Transport in its Chains.
Sighs with Success their own soft Anguish tell,
And Eyes shall utter what the Lips conceal :
Virtue again to its bright Station climb,
And Beauty fear no Enemy but Time ;
The Fair shall listen to Desert alone,
And ew'ry Lucia find a Cato's Son.*



F I N I S.



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